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FISHWIVES' 

AND

FISHGIRLS'

 COSTUMES. 



A SOUVENIR OF

The Fisheries Exhibition,

❁ 1883. ❁

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FISHERWOMEN DELEGATES TO THE
EXHIBITION, AND ALSO CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES
WORN BY FISHERFOLK IN VARIOUS
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FISHWIVES'

FISHGIRLS' & COSTUMES

A SOUVENIR
OF THE

FISHERIES
EXHIBITION
1883.



"CALLER OU."

LONDON.

Samuel Miller. 10. Southampton St. Strand.

The Exhibition was opened by the Prince and Princess of Wales, on behalf of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, on Saturday, May 12, 1883.

The various countries which exhibited were—

ENGLAND.	CEYLON.	INDIA.	NORWAY.
SCOTLAND.	CHILI.	ITALY.	NEW SOUTH WALES.
IRELAND.	CHINA.	JAMAICA.	RUSSIA.
WALES.	DENMARK.	JAPAN.	SPAIN.
UNITED STATES OF	FRANCE.	MALAYAN PENINSULA.	STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.
AMERICA.	GERMANY.	MAN, ISLE OF.	SWEDEN.
AUSTRIA.	GREECE.	MOROCCO.	TASMANIA.
BAHAMAS.	HAITI.	NETHERLANDS.	VENEZUELA.
BELGIUM.	HAWAII.	NEW ZEALAND.	ZANZIBAR.
CANADA.	HELIGOLAND.	NEWFOUNDLAND.	

As H.R.H. the Princess of Wales proceeded through the various courts, fisher-girls of the different countries represented strewed her path with flowers. Fishermen, 200 from England and Wales, 150 Scotch, and 50 Irish, all in full working costume, were also present. These, together with the various fisher-girls from the different countries, all in their characteristic costumes, were subsequently entertained at Marlborough House by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, and before leaving for their homes they were all taken to Windsor Castle by the command of the Queen.

In addition to illustrating the characteristic costumes which are worn by the female fishing community, a few traits appertaining to the customs of fisher-folk are given, some of which have been gathered from *Chambers's Journal*, a most entertaining magazine for all homes. We hope that the work will thereby be rendered the more interesting.

The credit of the successful working of the Exhibition may be fairly given to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—several papers, written on the Fisheries Question by the Duke of Edinburgh, were, in his unavoidable absence, read by the Prince of Wales—the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Edward Birkbeck, Esq., M.P., with whom were associated the Marquis of Hamilton, the Earl of Ducie, Sir John St. Aubyn, M.P., Mr. R. W. Duff, M.P., Sir P. Cunliffe Owen, and Mr. Sayer. In our small way, every assistance and encouragement was afforded to us, for which we take this opportunity of returning thanks.

FANCY DRESS COSTUMES FOR LADIES OR GENTLEMEN

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Costumier to the Royal Family.

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NORMANDY CAPS.



BRITTANY.



MENDING NETS—BRITTANY.



FISHING FLEET OFF HASTINGS.



Boulogne Fishwife.
S. Miller, 10 Southampton St. Strand W.C.

THE NEWHAVEN FISHWIFE.

AMONG the fisherfolk of the coast of England or Ireland there is no distinctive costume; but in Scotland, at Newhaven, the class is very distinct and characteristic; and among all the costumes worn at the Exhibition none attracted more attention. The costume of the Newhaven Fishwife is very picturesque, and her appearance so clean and tidy, that one cannot help being struck by the uniqueness—perhaps the most characteristic costume to be seen anywhere, certainly in Great Britain. *See illustration on front of wrapper.*

The fishing village of Newhaven is about three miles from Edinburgh, and apart from its inhabitants and their occupation, possesses no special attraction. The villagers still, however, retain many peculiarities. They keep themselves entirely aloof from their neighbours, and literally dwell apart, though hemmed in by the suburbs of Edinburgh and Leith. They are generally supposed to be descended from the Flemish or Dutch, and intermarrying with the Scotch was, not many years ago, looked upon as little short of a crime; and though recent years have greatly lessened this strong caste prejudice, such marriages are still looked down upon. The men are smart and industrious fishermen, and lighten many a weary wait on the waters with their famous dredging song—a medley on current topics.

The women sell the fish—their husbands', fathers', or that of other fishermen—in Edinburgh, each fishwife generally having her particular round in the city. Oysters are heralded at night with a melodious cry of "Caller ou."

The fishwife's dress consists of a cotton jacket, made in a varied red or yellow mixed pattern, tied round the waist by her apron strings, and tucked round in front. Two or three striped petticoats, one turned up in front forming a large pocket, a second shorter skirt, and then a third hung in the usual way,—all, however, of bright colours. A fancy handkerchief round the neck, which is sometimes worn over the head; blue ribbed stockings and shoes. Over all this in bad weather is a long blue cloak, made in blue cloth, with a deep cape and a hood. The creel for carrying the fish is worn at the back, and supported by a broad band, which is fixed across the forehead.

The paper model of the Costume complete is supplied for 7/6, cut to any measure, by Madame MARIE SCHILD, 10, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

"Scottish Weddings frequently take place in the evening, and there is an aversion to marrying during May. This, however, is mainly due to the fact that the Scottish removal or 'flitting' term occurs in the end of May. An ancient custom was to sprinkle salt on the floor. This was done on the bridal evening as a guard against the evil eye; then the bride's feet were washed, in all probability a survival of the old Norse custom, which enjoined the maiden-friends of the bride to assist at a sort of religious purification. On the eventful day, which was always a Friday, great attention was paid to every incident: for if the bride broke a dish, or the postman forgot to deliver a letter to the bride until he was some way on his journey, and had to return, or some soot came down the chimney, it was a bad omen for the future wedded life. After the knot had been tied and the clergyman had kissed the bride, the party returned in the following order: first, the two fathers in company together, then the newly married couple, behind them the best-man and the best-maid, and the others following in couples as they might arrange. There were frequently as many as twenty couples. On coming within a mile or so of the young couple's house, where the mother of the young goodman was waiting, a few of the young men would start on a race home. This race was often keenly contested, and was termed *running the brooze* or *braize*. The one who reached the house first and announced the happy completion of the wedding was presented with a bottle of whisky and a glass, with which he returned to meet the marriage procession; and the progress of the procession was generally so arranged that he should meet them before they arrived at the village or town where the young couple were to be resident. He was therefore considered their first-foot, and distributed the contents of his bottle among

the party, each drinking to the health of the young married pair ; and then bottle and glass were thrown away and broken. The whole party then proceeded on their way to the young folks' house. At riding weddings, it was the great ambition of farmers' sons to succeed in winning the *braize*, and they would even borrow racing-horses for the occasion.'

"When the bride had been lifted over the threshold, and her mother-in-law had broken the cake of bread over her head, she was led to the hearth, and the poker and tongs, and occasionally the broom, presented to her along with the keys of the house. These ceremonies ended, and a substantial supper partaken of, the young people turned to the dance, where, if either bride or bridegroom had elder brothers or sisters unmarried, those neglected ones danced the first reel without their shoes.

"In the west of Scotland it was still an article of belief in days not very long gone by, that if an infant died before baptism its fate was only too certain ; and the sighing of the wind among the trees was interpreted as the wails of unchristened bairns. If a stranger inquired what name had been chosen for a child, before baptism, the cautious answer given was : 'It has not been out yet ;' for it was unlucky to call the child by any name. Great, therefore, was the anxiety to have the rite performed ; and an instance is known of a baby born on a Saturday being carried two miles to church on the following day, rather than allow so long a space as a week to elapse. Great importance was attached to the choice of the woman who should carry the infant to church, to the manner in which the first person she met received the ancient gift of bread and cheese, and to the order in which the children were baptised ; for if by any mischance *Jeanie* was christened before *Sandie*, *Jeanie* would have a beard, and *Sandie* would have none ! Salt must have been familiar to the infant palate. Not only immediately after birth was the child bathed in salted water, and made to taste it three times, but whenever the mother took her baby to a friend's house for the first time, custom ordained that the person visited should put salt into the child's mouth and wish it well. But too great well-wishing was as dangerous as aversion, for the 'weel-faured' or well-favoured were most likely to be stolen by *Queen Mab*. Among other curious superstitions in the west of Scotland—though not all, as students of folk-lore know, peculiar to that district—respecting children, we are told that when a child was taken from its mother, and carried outside the bedroom for the first time after its birth, it was lucky to take it upstairs ; and if—as we suppose was not uncommonly the case—there were no stairs in the house, the child was taken three steps up a ladder—we know an instance of this recently in the west end of Glasgow—or in case of emergency, the nurse got upon a chair ! Again, to prevent children being stolen by the fairies, an open Bible should always be placed near a child.

"Among the miscellaneous superstitions of daily life, it was said that if on seeing the first plough in the season, it was coming *towards* the observer, it was a lucky sign, and whatever undertaking he was then engaged in, would be certain of success ; but if the plough was going *from* him, the reverse would be his fate. If luck was desired with any article of dress, it should be worn first at church. If a person in rising from table overturned his chair, he had been speaking untruthfully. If a man spoke aloud to himself, he would die a violent death. If nets were set on the Sabbath, the herring would leave the district (thus it is said the herring were driven from Lamlash). If a double ear of corn were put over the looking-glass the house would not be struck by lightning. For long it was customary for farmers to leave a portion of their fields uncropped, dedicated to the evil spirit, and called *goodman's croft*."



FRANCE.

NO COUNTRY in the world has such a variety of costumes as the French peasant, almost every department or county being distinguished by a distinct variety of dress, more particularly in the cap. In Brittany the cap is generally small and close to the head; but in Normandy, more especially among those who are well to do, the cap is a marvel of muslin and lace, towering some 12 to 18 inches above the head. At Boulogne the fisher-girl wears a very becoming cap, which stands out round the face in a triple frill.

Our coloured illustration shows the Boulogne fishwife in fête dress. It consists of a short skirt, generally with a tuck or two in it; jacket body with a coloured silk handkerchief crossover in front and tied behind; muslin cap, with a frill; black stockings and low shoes.

Paper models supplied by Madame MARIE SCHILD, 7/6.

A variety of Normandy caps is shown in the next engraving. These are made on a foundation covered with muslin, and trimmed with lace. Real lace is worn by all French peasants—when lace is worn at all—and the dowry of the woman can always be ascertained by the value of the pure gold ornaments she wears. These ornaments, in some instances, have been in the possession of the same family for many generations.

Paper model of Cap, 3/6, supplied by Madame MARIE SCHILD.

The difference of the costume worn at Etretât is shown more in the formation of the cap—our second coloured illustration shows the real fisherwoman.

This costume generally consists of a short woollen skirt, mostly of a bright colour; jacket body with sometimes a handkerchief round the neck; the cap made with flaps nearly reaching the shoulders.

Paper model of this Costume, 7/6, supplied by Madame MARIE SCHILD.

Among the Brittany peasants are many curious customs, not the least so relating to their weddings:—Singing, dancing, flirting; merrily lives the young peasant girl of Brittany, in the happy days of her maidenhood. Full of rollicking fun, and ripe for mischief, she and her merry companions are foremost at all “pardons” (wakes) and fairs, and in all the village festivities you hear her hearty laugh ring out free and unchecked. When the once druidical bonfires crown with a lurid glow every hilltop on the eve of St. John, and the sky is patched with their red reflections, she goes with a little troupe of her girl friends out into the night to seek the highest ground. There, clustering together in their gay and picturesque holiday attire, they peer round into the darkness counting the fires, until with a loud joyous voice one cries—“*Nine!* I see nine! I see nine!” Then, amidst much laughter and clapping of hands, with some envy, and much robust heartiness, the fortunate seer of nine is congratulated as one whose fortune it is to be married before the year is out. And when the time comes for that wedding—if it be in some old-world village, of which there are many—how strange and curious will be its ancient customs and observances! It is really the one great event of a Breton peasant’s life, and it is often celebrated with a degree of show and costliness which go beyond all the customary doings of weddings, amongst far more wealthy and pretentious couples in other parts of Europe. The festival is one in which the entire village will have its part; guests will be numbered by hundreds, and each will be formally invited by the bride or by the bridegroom in person, and moreover the invitation will be most probably delivered in verse.

Suppose the peasants to belong to one of the forest cantons east of the Quimper. Then the wedding customs of this very ancient people—customs which are now fast becoming extinct—will probably be carried out in their integrity. First the love-lorn swain seeks the tailor, to whom is entrusted the

preliminary negotiations with the fair one and with her parents. The tailor watches the maiden until he finds her alone, and having done so he enters into conversation with her, ascertains the state of her affections, pleads the cause of her lover with studied eloquence, and having obtained her consent goes straightway to her parents. If successful there, he next visits the parents of his client, and, finding them in favour of the match, arranges a meeting at which all the remaining preliminaries are to be duly considered.

The day appointed arrives, and the tailor makes a very elaborate toilet, a feature of which is the wearing of two odd stockings—one red and one violet. The betrothed pair are in a flutter of nervous excitement, and the maiden's parents are bustling about and making preparations on an elaborate scale for the reception of their guests. Presently comes the swain with his father and mother clad in finery, which has been preserved for such occasions with the most scrupulous care for many years, and led by the tailor bearing a white wand. While the parents carry on their discussion the lovers retire, and are allowed to remain quite alone and without the slightest fear of interruption so long as they please. When, hand-in-hand, all smiles and tender looks, the fond pair return to their parents, receiving the full fire of their jokes with laughter and blushes, there is placed before them wine, brandy, and some white bread. Eating with the same knife, and drinking from the same glass, they refresh themselves. Before they all part another meeting is appointed, at which the arrangements already proposed and agreed to are to be formally confirmed. This is called the "velladen," or view, and it also takes place in the house of the maiden. The preparations made for this occasion are on a more extensive scale. Everything about the house and farm is made to look its best. Furniture is repaired and repolished and carefully disposed with an eye to the general effect, and every article of value is placed where it can be seen, and seen to advantage. This meeting is chiefly devoted to fixing the conditions of the marriage contract, and it is always the occasion of some more or less shrewd bargaining, at the close of which the fathers shake hands and the wedding day is appointed.

Early on the morning of the wedding day the bridegroom and his relations assemble in their holiday attire and are led by the aforesaid tailor to the house of the bride, on the threshold of which the bride's friends, headed by her tailor, receive them. Tailor No. 1 commences a dialogue in verse, representing himself and his party as travellers seeking shelter and food, while his party whisperingly joke and laugh at the fun. Tailor No. 2 also replies in verse that there are so many rogues and thieves abroad that he is afraid to admit them. This increases the merriment. Tailor No. 1 inquires if they look like rogues and thieves, and tailor No. 2 retorts that looks are deceptive; and after much banter, the first tailor explains the real object of their visit, and bursts into an enthusiastic description of his client's excellent qualities and great virtues. The bridegroom is, according to the tailor's description, a miracle of agricultural skill, a fast friend, a true lover, and a foe to be dreaded. His feats of strength are the talk of the country; alone he raised a cart which had been overturned. He had ploughed in a day more land than his hired labourers could plough in three. No man had stood against him long in the wrestling matches, and in his hand the "penbas" had been more powerful than a sword in the hand of a soldier. This speech having been applauded by the bridegroom's admirers, Tailor No. 2 proceeds to sound the praises of the bride with equal force and eloquence—dwelling upon her goodness, her modesty, and her personal charms, but regretting, in conclusion, that it is impossible to produce this paragon of perfection because long ago she left the home of her parents and has never since returned. Then amidst loud and merry outbursts of laughter from one side, and mock sighs and groans from the other, Tailor No. 1 strikes an attitude expressive of despair. He beseeches Tailor No. 2 not to deceive them, crying, "The yew tree grows in the churchyard, the rose in the garden, and the place for a young woman is the home of a husband." Imploringly he cries, "Bring hither she whom we seek, bring her hither that we may place in her hand the hand of her bridegroom, and lead them to the wedding feast, where all their friends may see and rejoice in their happiness."

Moved by so forcible an appeal, the bride's tailor at length relents. He goes into the house and brings forth an old woman, asking, "Is this the rose for your garden?" whereupon of course all—including the old woman—laugh heartily. But tailor-poet the first replies gravely that the venerable aspect of this good woman assures him that she long ago went to the home of him whom her love made happy, and having



THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.



BRITTANY—OYSTER WOMAN

fulfilled all the duties of a wife has ended that which the young maiden of their search has yet to commence. The lady's tailor at once admits his mistake, and leading back the old woman, brings out, laughing saucily and with a blushing red face, a young married woman. "Here is one whose beauty shines like a star of the morning. She must be the maiden you seek. Her cheeks are like roses, her eyes are like diamonds set in crystal, and every glance from them conquers a heart sick with love of her. She must be the maiden you seek." More fun follows this, and Tailor No. 1 replies, "Her beauty and youthful freshness might deceive us, but not so her finger, which is marked by the rubbing of an infant's gums—has it not already been in the pap-bowl?" Hereupon ensues more laughter, in the midst of which Tailor the second says, "She, too, is not young enough; then I know the fair one you are seeking," and entering the house soon reappears with a merry little girl of nine years old. In the midst of a fresh outburst of laughter, during which one tailor looks perplexed and despairing, and the other grave and innocent of fun, the latter says, "Tell me quickly if this is not the young maiden you seek?" "Nay, ten years ago the maid we are wanting resembled this pretty child, who will some day make a good man happy, although she is not yet ripe for the basket of the gardener. She must remain on the espalier long after the maiden of our search has been merry at the nuptial feast."

At length the blushing bride is brought out and given to her groom amidst general rejoicings. They all enter the house, and of a sudden they all grow grave and quiet. Then a prayer is reverently repeated by all present, after which the bride's tailor says to the bride and bridegroom, "Give me your hands. Man, take the woman of your choice, she is yours to protect and to be made happy. Let us never see her weeping at your door as if it were that of a stranger, lest God, who is the champion of the weak, should avenge her wrongs on you and yours. Maiden, kneel and bow your head beneath the hands of a father who blesses you. You are weeping! But the grief of your parents, who also weep, is more bitter than your own. The daughter whom they cradled and danced in their arms goes from them now to seek another home. Whose heart does not melt to see such grief? Yet these tears must cease! Look, tender father, upon your child; poor mother, rest your hands upon her! Her arms are stretched towards you, her eyes are full of grief. Pray for her and bless her. It is the will of God that she obeys. Rise, maiden, embrace your parents, and go in the strength of duty to your destiny; henceforward you belong to a man."

Returning from the wedding—which follows immediately after the above scene—the bride wears her richest *costume de fête*, which costs probably from five to six hundred francs, and is gay with coloured ribbons and imitation gold and silver lace. The bridegroom has a ribbon round his hat, and a long black cloak over his shoulders. They sit opposite each other, and between them is an enormous dish of butter, made in imitation of a castle, and decorated with ribbons and flowers. A white sheet adorned with nosegays is stretched across the end of the room where they sit, and the bagpipes play while the guests take their places.

The most interesting feature of the feast is the song of the bride, a farewell to the companions of her girlhood and to all the lighter and gayer pleasures of her sex. Its effect upon the guests is really extraordinary. The low, sad voice of the bride is heard in the midst of a most profound silence, which is soon otherwise broken by sounds of sobbing and crying from the women, who know well enough that the married life of a Breton peasant woman is one of severe labour and privation, very unlike that which the fair singer has renounced. As she sings her simple, touching old bride song, they look forward to their own wedding, or back into their own single and married lives, with full hearts and tearful eyes. The song runs as follows:—

THE BRETON BRIDE'S SONG.

In the days now gone, in the days of my youth,
Ah! how warm then was my heart.
Adieu, dear companions, for ever!

My heart was so glad, ah! nor silver nor gold
Could have won this heart from me.
Adieu, my companions, for ever!

My heart, bid farewell to your pleasures and joys,
 For nothing you're given away.
 Adieu, dear companions, adieu !

In toil and care ; three cradles by my fireside,
 A boy and a girl in each.
 Adieu, glad companions for ever !

Ah ! and cradles three, in the middle house-room,
 With boys and girls together.
 Adieu, my companions, for ever !

Glad maidens can dance at the pardons and fairs,
 My dancing days are all over.
 Adieu, dear companions, for ever !

My freedom is over, home is my prison for ever
 I am a servant—I'm married.
 Adieu, glad companions, for ever !

The feast, to which every guest has contributed according to his or her means, then proceeds with a dance of a very wild and primitive character, danced to music as wild and primitive, that of bagpipes, and in the open air, the dance being repeated after each course. Thus, alternately eating, drinking, and dancing, the day passes, and usually winds up in a riotous scene of drunkenness and gluttony, which is anything but edifying. At dusk the party breaks up, and the guests begin to depart, with a piper playing before each of the larger groups.

In some cantons the friends of the bride make a point of carrying her away and hiding her from her bridegroom, who is compelled either to ransom her or to hunt until he finds her. In other parts of the country the bride remains with her parents after her marriage three nights, and numerous absurd ceremonies invented to tease the bride and bridegroom are to be found in different parts of Brittany, a country which, unless it be to artists, is even now comparatively little known to English tourists, although it is, perhaps, one of the most curiously interesting in Europe, and one, moreover, close akin to the people of both Wales and Cornwall.



FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

ALL visitors to the Chinese Department of the Fisheries Exhibition will remember the figure of a man seated in a boat and surrounded by black birds, perched on the gunwale. These birds actually catch the fish, and returning to the boat, the fish is taken by the occupant.

"There are extraordinary ways of fishing practised by people of uncivilised countries, which are not the result of ignorance, but of that ingenuity which is always rendered fruitful by dire necessity and the instincts of self-support. The Chinese, amongst their many original ideas, have some curious ones on the subject, and doubtless fish now as they did a thousand years ago; and though on the coasts they may have adopted the generally accepted system of working nets, on the waters in the interior of the country they adhere to the methods peculiar to their own nation—methods quaint and curious. The lakes and rivers of China, and especially of the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands. The man goes into the water, and proceeds half walking, half swimming, raising his arms above his head, and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. The striking of the surface was intended to frighten the fish, which when alarmed, sink to the bottom: then the naked feet feel them among the mud, and once felt, the practised hand secures them in a moment. Catching fish in this manner is of course a trade in itself, and the plentiful supply it implies is somewhat explained by the fact that even the little ponds of Northern China swarm with scaly life.

"On the great Ning-po river the same principle is used on a more extended scale with boats and nets. The boats are ready for the flow of the tide to take them in crowds up the river, and when they halt, the nets are thrown out, and the oars and sculls beat the water with a loud plashing noise. After resting in the same place for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, they move on again to another station, and there repeat the beating and splashing. The noise on the surface is meant for an alarm, as in the case of the fish-catcher; and it is said that this mode of fishing soon loads the nets.

"Another curious method employed by the Chinese is generally practised at night, and depends upon a peculiar power which a white screen, stretched under the water, seems to possess over the fishes, decoying them to it and making them leap. A man, sitting at the stern of a long narrow boat, steers her with a paddle to the middle of a river, and there stops. Along the right-hand side of his boat a narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched; when he leans to that side it dips under the surface, and if it be a moonlight night, gleams through the water. Along the other side of the boat a net is fastened so as to form a barrier two or three feet high. The boatman keeps perfectly still. If another boat passes by, he will not speak; he is only impatient at the slight breaking of the silence. While he keeps thus without a sound or stir, the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and leap, and would go over the narrow boat and be free in their native waters on the other side, but for the screen of netting, which stops them, and throws them down before the man's feet.

"Every one must have heard of the fishing cormorant, which is actually trained in China to catch fish. A man takes out ten or twelve of these web-footed birds in a boat, and as soon as the boat stops, at his word they plunge into the water and begin at once searching for and diving after fish. They are most diligent workers, for if one of them is seen swimming about idly, the Chinaman in the boat strikes the water near the bird with the end of a long bamboo; and, not touched, but recalled to a sense of duty, the cormorant at once turns to business again. As soon as a fish is caught, a word from the man brings the bird swimming towards him. He draws it into the boat, and it drops its prey from its bill. There is always a straw or string tied round the neck, to prevent the fish from being swallowed, and this string requires the

nicest adjustment, lest it may choke the bird—a result which would certainly follow if it slipped lower down on the neck. The sagacity and workman-like method of the birds are shown when they get into difficulties. If the fish caught is too large for one beak to secure, another cormorant comes up to the struggle, and the two with united efforts bring their prize to the boat. On the rivers and canals near Ning-po, Shanghai, and Foo-chow-foo, the employment of these birds is by no means an uncommon sight; but they are never to be seen fishing in the summer months, their work being in the winter, beginning always about October and ending in May. The birds have of course to be subjected to a system of training, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments, one of which is at a distance of thirty or forty miles from Shanghai.

“Some tribes of Indians catch fish by drugging them. They make the soft branches of the Indian milk-bush or the euphorbia into pulp, and throw it into the water of the ponds. When the fish taste it, they lose the power of swimming, and are easily taken floating helplessly in the water. They also mix with dough a powder made from the *Cocculus Indicus*, the effect of which is that when thrown into the water it intoxicates the fish, and they swim in circles on the surface, where they can be caught in a hand-net. Lime is sometimes used in the same way; but the disadvantage of that system is that it causes such wholesale slaughter that there is danger of small ponds being rapidly cleared.

“A still more singular practice is to be found amongst the Chonos Indians, who train dogs to help them on their fishing expeditions in much the same way as the shepherd’s dog helps the shepherd. The net is held by two men standing in the water, and the dogs, swimming out far and diving after the fish, drive them back towards it. They enjoy their work just as a good horse, though hard pressed, seems to enjoy the hunt; and every time they raise their heads from the water they tell their pleasure by clamorous barking. The Fuegians, one of the most miserable and degraded races on the earth, train their dogs in a similar manner to assist them in catching birds. They have a wonderful contrivance for killing the sharks which abound off their coasts. A log of wood shaped so as to appear something like a canoe is set afloat, with a rope and large noose hanging from one end of it. Before long a shark attacks the supposed canoe, swimming after it, and is caught in the noose hanging from the stern. It closes on him so that he cannot extricate himself, and the weight of the log keeps him swimming slowly without being able to sink. Then the Fuegians in their canoes, generally steered by women, approach at their leisure and finish the shark with their spears.

“All these contrivances of savage nations or of the strangely civilised Chinese, are meant to kill or seize the fish by natural means. It is much nearer home that we have to look to find the element of superstition prevailing, and useless customs invested with the importance of charms. An instance may be found in the case of the Sicilian fishermen, who, when in search of sword-fish, chant a jargon of words the meaning of which even they themselves do not know. The song is supposed to be some old Greek verses, which, by time and use among those ignorant of their meaning, have become so altered as to be almost unrecognisable. The fishermen regard the medley as a sure means of attracting the sword-fish, which they harpoon from the boat, when the charm, as they suppose, has brought them within reach.

“Far away in northern regions there is a novel method of fishing under ice, which shows more ingenuity than the simple lowering and fastening of a net. A small square hole is cut in the ice, and in this is placed an upright stick, supported by a cross pin run through it and resting at each side on the ice; the end of the stick below this cross pin is short, and to it the line is fastened with the bait and hook attached, while at the top of the stick is a piece of coloured rag. Now, though we have called the stick upright, it is meant to fall from that position and lie along the ice, until a fish seizing the bait pulls its lower end, when with a jerk it rises. This contrivance is called a ‘tip-up,’ from the movement which is certain to follow the seizure of the bait. The fluttering of the coloured rag, as the stick rises, tells of the capture; and a great number of these self-acting fishers and indicators may be placed near together, each having its own hole in the ice; and each, by the fluttering rag, telling its own tale the moment a fish is caught.

“The tip-up not only saves the fisher the trouble of holding his line in position and watching with particular care, but also makes the fish itself ‘strike’ and announce that it is ready to be pulled out! In fact its ingenuity is only surpassed in the old tale of the Irish monastery, where at the neighbouring salmon-leap

a large pot was hung so as to be just clear of the falling water, but in the way of any salmon that leaped recklessly; and a bell was placed so that the fish could not fail to ring its own knell as it fell; thus announcing to the good brothers at the monastery that he was there, not only secured, but actually in the pot, ready to be boiled for dinner.

"For the following curious fishing items we are indebted to a writer in *The Field*. Regarding fishing in the Japanese seas, he says:

"Through an inlet on this coast our small boat is sculled by two sturdy Japanese fishermen, who drive the light craft across the shadows of the hills with speed remarkable. Standing on their feet, they swing with wonderful power a long heavy oar poised on a pin on the quarter; and while we go, these men are watching the tangle sheltering their prey—the octopus, the cuttle-fish, and the sea-cucumber. With bodies blackened by the sun to the colour of the sea-weed, these almost naked men were incommoded by neither the rain nor the winds. Like the fishermen of all lands, their restless eyes were wandering from the sea to the heavens. With no guides but the stars by night and the blue edge of the land by day, there was need for keen eyesight and watchfulness. In all the Eastern seas there is no more adventurous race than these men.

"We could see the floats of burnt wood which buoyed the ends of our fishermen's lines, and to the nearest of these we were sculled. A kind of wood, light and buoyant, and with some resemblance to cork, is used for such floats. It grows in the forests thereabouts, and after being shaped and charred to prevent decay, lasts, without further trouble, for a longer time than bladders or skins. With some impatience the black buoy and the line attached are brought on board. Like an inverted bell-shaped flower-pot comes the first earthenware jar, hardly the size of a child's head, attached to the line. Mouth downward, the jar is pulled up from the bottom, and when all the water has been poured out, the fishermen give a look inside. No occupant being found, the jar is once more lowered into the sea by the attached string, which is overrun till the next jar is pulled up, brought on board, and similarly examined. When six or seven are examined, and no occupant is found in any of these, the fishermen shew no impatience. But presently from a jar an octopus is jerked upon the floor of the boat, and with some satisfaction the Japanese watch its tentacles wriggle all about the planks and cling round their legs. Changing its hues, the disgusting cephalopod loses its redder blotches for paler patches, and eventually crawls into a darker corner to coil itself away. Pouring the water more carefully from the inverted pots, the fishermen secure a few more of these animals, which crawl and twine about with snake-like contortions. The long string of pots took time to overhaul, but the spoils were reckoned reward for the trouble. When the fishing was completed, and the black floats were again left to mark the spot, our boat was sculled somewhat farther down the land.

"We had then time to learn something more of this fishing for tako, as the octopus is named by the Japanese fishermen. Through our friends, we learn that the tako needs no bait to entice it to enter the earthen jars used by the fishermen to entrap it; but crawling about on the bottom, or shooting itself through the sea by the expulsion of water, it finds in the dark earthen jar 'a comfortable house,' and so occupies it until the fisherman finds it and captures it. The tako is largely eaten in Japan, where all the products of the sea are accounted equally wholesome with those of the land; and beneath an ugly skin the flesh of this speckled monster is thought very good, cooked in several ways, and eaten with or without soy or vinegar. Nevertheless, as if to vindicate the dread its constantly changing hues excite, the eating of the octopus is not unattended with danger. Through some poisonous taint either occasionally or always present, but modified by the process of cooking, people sometimes die from eating this animal. And yet the knowledge of this interferes but to a trifling extent with the use of food having such a questionable reputation—indeed at certain seasons it is largely used by the Japanese, when the cuttle-fish are far more plentiful and also more wholesome. Caught by trolling a small wooden fish barbed with hooks, they make good sport, chiefly to the older fishermen, who are not active enough to go off to sea."

ETRETAT.

"AMONG the many attractive places of interest and enjoyment in Normandy very few are more attractive than bright, gay, sparkling Etretat. It affords abundance of resources to the idle; ever-ready material for the brush and pencil of the artist; quiet and refreshment to the worn-out mind and frame of the worker; ample opportunity for the display of the *toilette*, with less strain upon its expense than at the more magnificent Trouville, Havre, or Dieppe; and above all, a perfect opportunity of rest and quiet recreation.

"To the student of manners and customs, this little seaport presents unusual opportunities. Side by side, during the holiday months, are to be found the simple and unchanged habits of the old Norman fishermen and the far more artificial and varying manners of the dwellers in cities, to whom freshness and simplicity are the charm; but even here the tyranny of fashion and caste are to some extent the necessity.

"In the people of Etretat may be seen the simple and religious seriousness which is the outcome of primitive chivalry. But, as we are told, there is also plenty of simple mirth and festive relaxation. Winter evenings of dance and song, when the squall and the tempest are shut out, and the only fears are those produced by stories of ghost and goblin; saints'-days when religion and recreation are simply and naturally blended together; processions made for prayer to the ocean, where hymns and petitions are chanted to move the God of tide and storm to restrain His power;—these are not seen or heard by us who visit Etretat in the bright holiday months of July, August, or September; but they form the excitement of those simple fisher-folk when Parisians, Londoners, and Americans are more artificially and less wholesomely employed.

"Alphonse Karr, the French writer, who is traditionally supposed by his novels and *feuilletons* to have brought Etretat into notice, describes the first view of the little town thus: 'About twenty miles from Havre lies the little port of Etretat. The road from Havre rises through fields which give no notion of proximity to the sea. It seems as if one were in a plain of Bœotia. But at last at the summit of the rising ground the horizon appears, and at a distance of 500 feet below sparkles the clear bright sea, an unexpected and magnificent sight! Etretat is not a port constructed by the hand of man; it is a natural bay between cliffs composed of vast perpendicular rocks. The village lies between two hills, which are covered with gorse, and thick thorn bushes, whose yellow flowers are so dense, that at a distance they glitter in the sun like a vast golden carpet. Beyond this, the sea presents a background of dark blue and heat-clouds rising from the horizon. Vessels of all sizes are seen in the distance, with their white sails swollen by the fresh east wind, and look like stately swans gliding along the ocean.'

"So far the description of the romancist, which, although a little over-coloured, is in the main no more than the beauty of the place may claim. After this, a little guide-book information may not be out of place. Etretat, a village of 1906 inhabitants, is situated in the Channel on the coast of Normandy, north-east of Cape Autifer, and between two valleys, the Grand Val and the Petit Val. The bay is terminated by two vast limestone cliffs about 300 feet in height. The valley, on the land side, was formerly defended by a wall and a tower of the time of Henry Quatre, a portion of which still exists. The position of the town, which is lower than the high tide level, is protected from the sea by a beach of large shingles, which serves to keep back the waves, except on exceptional occasions, when the town has been inundated by the sea breaking over this natural barrier. Every year, on the festival of the Ascension, the clergy of the place go in formal procession to bless the sea, and order it to keep within the limits of safety. The perils of fresh-water inundations have also been encountered. The inland country has been subject to the overflow of a river, which some time ago disappeared, only to present itself again on the beach at low water, of which more hereafter.

"Up to 1850, the number of fishing-boats on the beach was twenty-five or thirty, according to the prosperity of the times. These were large vessels, each manned by ten men, and were chiefly occupied in

the herring fishery off Dieppe. But now the fishing has changed its character, and only small boats are employed with three men in each, which merely take those fish which are near their own coast. In former times the return of a boat was known by the number on its sail, and notice was immediately given by the *mousse de terre* to the wives and sisters of the crew, who ran to *man* the capstan on the beach, by which the vessel is dragged up at once, cargo and all, on to the shingle, out of reach of the waves. The custom still prevails; and it is a matter of hourly occurrence to see the boats drawn up solely by the exertions of the women, and very often the children of the crews. Etretat having no enclosed harbour, but a steep beach of large round pebbles, this is the only means of securing the vessels against the sudden contingencies of wind and tide.

"High and dry on the beach there are old boats fixed and covered with thatch. These are called *caloges*, and are used as storehouses for nets, cordage, and ships' stores of every kind, and add much to the picturesque appearance of the place. These home-boats—*à la* Peggotty—are peculiar to Etretat, and give an originality to the scene, supplying with subjects the canvases of the more humble artists.

"The moment that the boat is secured, the fish are landed, and the sale commences. The beach master puts a price upon each lot as it is offered, and the bidding goes on frequently with much spirit. The purchasers carry off their fish then and there, and in a very short time they are despatched to the nearest station for Rouen or Paris. No sooner is the cargo disposed of, and the long boots of the weather-beaten fishermen pulled off, and comfortable soft-lined *sabots* substituted for them, than the business of preparing the nets, &c., for the next tide's draught begins. The women pass by with bundles of linen, on their way to the *source* or washing-place; round-faced clear-eyed boys, just on the verge of being fishermen, hover officiously round their elders; girls with children almost as big as themselves in their arms, struggling for freedom like rebellious kittens, lounge about the artists who have placed themselves under sketching tents, and utter their natural criticisms with naïve boldness, if not with critical skill.

"The small fishing-craft are what is called 'clinker built,' and are managed with great dexterity. They seem to come and go like birds. The fishing-trade of Etretat is very different from what it was twenty or more years ago. The kind of fish taken varies of course with the season. The mackerel, the only fish which is now certain in the waters of Etretat, is plentiful during the summer months. The herring is taken towards the end of autumn. This fishing is not confined to the immediate vicinity, but extends to the waters of Dieppe, and is generally so remunerative as to support the fishermen's families during the winter. In earlier times the variety of fish was much greater. Then the roadstead of Etretat supplied shoals of whittings, soles, dabfish, &c. Mullet, barble, greyling were to be found at the two extremities of the bay, while eels swarmed in the half-fresh 'fountain' and streams. Oysters and crabs paved, so to speak, the bottom of the harbour, and lobsters filled the holes and corners of the rocks. We do not find them now. The thick and sluggish conger is still brought to shore at every tide; and besides these indigenous fishes, the accounts of ancient mariners tell of the presence of almost every marine living treasure that could be clad in silver and golden scales. But the absence of the herring is the subject of Etretat's deepest and saddest regret. This wandering fish, which comes down each year from the north to enrich the coasts of Normandy, no longer makes its appearance, as in times of old, in immense shoals, but is eaten, as experts say, by the dog-fish, which follow like vultures in the rear of a great army.

"Another curious element of Etretat's resources is its underground springs of fresh water. These springs are mysteriously connected with a river which flowed formerly through the Grand Val, and emptied itself into the sea at Etretat. This stream was of considerable importance not only for the usual purposes of the locality, but for its usefulness in driving many mills. Its source and its course are actually shown to this day; and although we have no authentic date for the time of its actual disappearance, the following story inevitably relates the manner of the event: A woman in the shape of a tramp—as we should say—came one evening to Grainville l'Allouette with her child in her arms. She knocked at the miller's door, whose mill was turned by this same river close to its source. She asked for supper and lodging: but the miller, who was a hard and stern man, drove her from the door. 'Wretch,' said the fairy, for such she seems to have been, 'you will repent of this!' and immediately the mill ceased to turn, because the stream

had instantly disappeared ! These waters seem now to have worked a way for themselves under the valley, and at low tide they spring up on the beach, after having supplied the wells of the village. Alphonse Karr gives a true and graphic account of the scene at the fountain. ‘As soon as the receding sea allows the brook of freshwater to discover itself, almost all the women of the place appear with bundles of linen on their backs. By means of their beating-sticks, basins are formed by scooping out the stones from the bed of the stream. Then they are down on their knees, and work as it were against the hour when the returning sea shall drive them away by taking possession of their workshop. This work is dependent on the tides and the season. It may be truly said that there are no fixed hours at Etretat. Meals, occupations, work, recreations, are all a matter of high or low tide. Thus it is the morning, sometimes midday, sometimes midnight, which sees these busy women at the ‘fountain.’ A curious effect is produced by looking down from the cliff, or even from the sea, on these untiring workers, each with her lantern placed on the *galets* beside her. It seems as if a multitude of will-o’-the-wisps or glow-worms were giving out here and there their phosphorescent lights. It is with peculiar interest that every one who has been present at one of these fountain *réunions* must describe it. There, every one speaks of everything and everybody. Everyone’s faults are discussed, every one’s good qualities, it is fair to say, are to some extent acknowledged. The judgment of the fountain is irreversible, and from it there is no appeal. From the defective administration of the mayor on the bench, to the irreverent behaviour of Geneviève So-and-so at mass last Sunday, all are brought under discussion. The *source* in this little community takes the place of the Exchange, the *café* of twenty newspapers ; it is there we learn the news of the fishermen, the loves and marriages of the young people of the town, the price of fish at Fécamp or Havre ; there we learn the cause and effect of the last gale, the dreadful dreams of the preceding night. It is not too much to say that all the news of Etretat are told at this spot—and perhaps a little more !”





Fisherwoman of Eretah.

S. Miller, 10 Southampton St. Strand W.C.

S. Miller London.

Imp. Lemercier et C^{ie} Paris.



OFF COWES HARBOUR.



BELGIUM.



LANDVOOLT—NORTH HOLLAND.



FRIESLAND.



BUNSCHOTEN—HOLLAND.



HERDERUGH.





STILL WATERS.



SWEDEN.



Dutch Fisher Girl.
S. Miller, 10 Southampton St Strand W.C.

S. Miller. London.

Imp. Lemeroy et C^{ie} Paris

SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

"THERE are few places in Europe where the peasantry retain their ancient characteristics so thoroughly as in Sweden. Perhaps this is the case because in Sweden and Norway a peasant, or 'bonde,' is a member of a distinct class by law as well as by custom. However rich he may be—and Mr. Lloyd knew many who possess large and profitable farms*—he retains the dress and manners of his order, and to a considerable extent the customs of his ancestors. The bonde is in reality a yeoman, and though his class has been deprived of its former political privilege of forming one of the four representative estates of the realm, he seems to be none the worse off. The Swedish peasantry contrast with their British brethren after a fashion infinitely to the advantage of the former; and though their position is not so romantic as it was in the days of the Sea-kings, or in later times, when the bonde, in his long coat of home-made cloth, took his place at the king's banqueting-table at the royal entertainments during the sitting of parliament, it is eminently comfortable. Indeed, it must be more so, one would suppose, than under such distinguished but incongruous circumstances, unless 'cloth of gold' and 'cloth of frieze' got on better together in the good old times than at present.

"The legendary dignity of the Swedish peasant, and his true historical position in former times, when his class was the most influential in the kingdom, and when no titles existed in Scandinavia excepting those borne by officers of the crown, might tend to make him discontented, but that he is on the whole a sensible person, and chiefly occupied with his material interests. It is difficult to connect the kind of life which Mr. Lloyd describes, the order of minds of which one gets glimpses in his pages, with the grand and stirring stories of Scandinavian tradition; with the time of the historical Odin, when *Svithiod* constituted one vast camp, and were called, not the Swedish *people*, but 'Swea-här,' or the Swedish *army*. The only trace of this period which remains is in the division of the country into 'härad.' Every peasant, indeed every man in Sweden is, to a certain extent, a soldier; for, on attaining his twenty-first year, he is enrolled for five years in the 'bewärung,' or 'armed defence;' after which he remains fifteen years in the 'land-storm,' a force which can only be called out in extreme need, and after the younger defenders of the country have been found insufficient. Those who live on the coast, and are accustomed to a seafaring life, are in much the same manner drafted into the naval service. The purchase of substitutes is now forbidden, and the only indulgence which can be purchased is the remission of the fortnight's drill for two successive summers on payment of a fine to the government, equivalent to about six pounds of our money. The standing army is very small; but the militia and volunteer systems are so excellent and so effective, that, Mr. Lloyd says, 'in the event of war, the king has, independently of the Norwegian army, upwards of one hundred thousand men at his immediate disposal, whether to serve at home or abroad.' The Swedish navy has glorious recollections; but it is very small at present, and understood to be in 'a transition state,' which means that Sweden will have a fleet worth mentioning one of these days.

"The peasantry are by no means warlike in their tendencies. They are of a sober and phlegmatic temperament for the most part, and keep the peace even at the great fair of Lund. They used to have an unpleasant habit of settling disputes by stabbing their opponents in the face with the knives they carry in leathern sheaths hanging at their sides, and these little ebullitions were luxuries quite within their reach, as a fine, value sixpence, was the legal penalty. The law has made them more expensive now, and they are being relinquished. They care not at all for 'manly exercises'—the wrestling, swimming, vaulting, leaping, and jumping with weights attached to their limbs, together with the climbing up the face of rugged and precipitous rocks, in which their forefathers excelled, do not find any favour in the sight of these very

* *Peasant Life in Sweden.* By L. Lloyd. London: Tinsley Brothers.

rational people. Olof Tryggwason would be shocked, if that renowned warrior and athlete could behold the tame pastimes of the children of the Sea-kings, who dislike every bodily exercise except dancing, never walk any distance that can otherwise be got over, and 'are utter strangers to the art of boxing.' Mr. Lloyd records that 'anything in the shape of a fair stand-up fight between man and man is never by any accident to be witnessed in Sweden; and, what is still worse, the bystanders commonly side with the one or the other of the combatants, and generally with the strongest;' a line of conduct not absolutely unknown out of Sweden. Mr. Lloyd seems to have had the Sagas a good deal on his mind, also Charles XII. and Gustavus Adolphus, for he was evidently disappointed to find the Swedish peasantry very commonplace people, and, with the exception of the Dalecarlians (see illustration), remarkable for their humble and cringing look.

"According to Mr. Lloyd, they are not a handsome race. Their faces are hard and heavy, their figures are clumsy, and their uncleanness is very unfavourable to their personal appearance.* Their houses, though large, and no doubt incomparably superior to those of our agricultural population, are horribly dirty; and all the worst immoralities supposed to be fostered, if not produced, by overcrowding in England, flourish in Sweden without any such excuse. The character of the peasantry presents curious contrasts. They are generally honest—during all Mr. Lloyd's wanderings over the country, in which his property was greatly exposed, he never lost anything—and there is prevalent good faith in all their dealings. They are also distinctly patriotic. 'Fatherland' is as sacred to the heart of a Swede as to that of the most sentimental German. Loyalty to the King is universal; and the 'firebrand of democracy' would have no chance in that peaceful, plodding, and conservative atmosphere. They are industrious, and remarkably early risers; and, in summing up their general condition, Mr. Lloyd asserts that he believes them to be far better off in every respect than 'the like class, *if there be such*, in our own country.' They are well clothed, well fed, well lodged, and have, universally, plenty of firing. That this state of things is mainly referable to the admirable land laws, there can be no doubt. The principal vices of the people are drunkenness and profligacy, and though, until a very recent period, severe laws were in action against the former, they were wholly unavailing. Some improvement has been effected by the heavy excise duties and the stringent restrictive laws on the manufacture of brandy; but the former state of the case is thus described: 'The Swedish peasant is a great smoker, and even his wife does not eschew a pipe. Many of them chew tobacco and snuff, the latter being usually stowed away between the lower lip and the teeth; often, indeed, they indulge in both these propensities to excess. It is with regret that I declare the Swedish peasant to be a great drunkard! *Finkel*, or potato-brandy, is the curse of the country: it stupefies the faculties of the people, and makes them old before their time. Some half-dozen years ago, when brandy was allowed to be made by the peasants themselves, and could be bought at the shops for little more than a shilling the gallon, the peasants drank it like so much water.

"The standard of morality, estimated by custom and public opinion, is very low, so low, indeed, as to make one think it is hardly fair to judge the nation by our notions in such matters. No penalty, either legal or social, is now incurred by Swedish women who would 'lose their character' among us; and though they are good, faithful, frugal wives, the peasant women have no notion of virtue as it is understood in other countries. Thus a betrothal means that the girl makes up her mind to discard all her lovers but one, whom she will marry when it is convenient to the families of both, or to legitimise their children. But these young women, on whom public opinion inflicts no disgrace, are thrifty managers, excellent mothers, very charitable to orphans and all in distress, and in their turn by no means jealous, or severe in their judgment of their own sex.

"The women among the peasantry are not, as a rule, ignorant, but in all the details given by the author, there is evidence that education has not had a refining influence upon their domestic habits. Actual want does not exist at all among them, so that it cannot be offered as a palliation of their dirty habits; and even among the positively well-off peasantry, the whole family, all ages and both sexes, sleep in one room, huddled together like pigs. They have a general aversion to fresh air, never willingly admitting it, either in summer or in winter, and keeping their windows nailed down. At night they merely remove their outer garments, and never wash themselves, in even the most superficial way, more than once a week. The

* The young woman at the Exhibition, as shown in our engraving, must have been a very favourable specimen.

well-to-do peasants grow their own flax, and the women weave their household linen, and some over, which they sell. They also weave all the woollen clothes for the family. Swedish peasants ought to make capital emigrants, for they can generally turn their hands to everything, building their own houses, and keeping them in repair, tanning the skins of their cattle, and making shoes of them, constructing agricultural implements, and shoeing their own horses. The *bonde* is a useful, respectable individual, in spite of his favourite vices, and though degenerate in *physique*, and retaining none of the grander characteristics of his Sea-king ancestry, he has one romantic taste, which lends him a touch of interest—it is his love of the rich and imaginative ‘folk-lore’ of his country, a passion, as it may be called, which has no doubt had much to do with the perpetuation of the old superstitious observances and clearly pagan ceremonies on the occasions of marriages, births, baptisms, and funerals. During the long winter evenings, the telling over, and over, and over again of the innumerable legends with which Scandinavian lore abounds, is an unfailing delight, and is at least a harmless and civilising pastime. Their conceptions of the beautiful, the terrible, and the picturesque are wonderfully fine, and the purity of the myths contrasts strangely with the habitual immorality of the people. Their Christmas, or Jul, observances are very curious, and clearly remnants of paganism; and they appear to believe as firmly in the presence and influence of evil spirits, and to be as much disturbed by that belief as any African tribe. The only *soi-disant* Christian people who actively cherish superstitions so all pervading, though different in kind, are the Rayahs. The superstitions of the Swedes are much less degrading, and far more poetical, but they are as constantly harassing, and little less enslaving to the intellect. From ‘Jul’ Tide, with its extraordinary ritual of deprecatory and propitiatory observances, to Candlemas, Easter, May-day, Holy Rood Day, Holy Trinity, and Midsummer, and again from June to ‘Jul’ Tide, the *bonde* lives in a world of imaginations, quite external to his religion and its observances, which nevertheless includes an immense number of minute precautions and practices. Nothing can exceed the beauty of some of these superstitions, or the futility of others. All their legends respecting animals are beautiful, and the majestic woods and mighty winds of the North have high places among them. The Elves and the Trolls, Odin and Thor, all the great names of the Segas are found in connection with the Christian saints and martyrs, and with hardly recognisable incidents of early Christian history. Superstitions respecting diseases are numerous among them, and apparently unconquerable.

“The marriage festivities and ceremonies among the peasantry compete in tedious elaboration and minute form with Hindu or Armenian weddings, and include a mock abduction and sham fight, evidently relics of the pagan and savage days. On the whole, Mr. Lloyd makes us feel about the Swedish peasantry that they are a coarse, ungainly, hard-grained people, whom we respect rather than sympathise with in their present phase of history. And yet, with their material prosperity, their perfect political union, their undoubted resources of self-help and self-reliance, and the strain of traditionary greatness there must be in them (or their folk-lore would have died out), it is difficult to believe that their king, to whom they are so loyal, who is a statesman, a soldier, a son of the people, and a poet, has not material in his hands for the reconstruction of a great Scandinavian nation.



THE VALUE OF FISH AS A FOOD PRODUCT.

"MANY hints have recently appeared in the newspapers about the best modes of augmenting our food-supplies. It has been told us again and again that the national commissariat might be largely aided by a more sustained ingathering of the harvest of the sea. Public journalists, indeed, are frequently found asserting that an increased supply of fish will bring butchers and graziers to their senses. 'Give us,' say these writers, 'a greater abundance of sea-produce, and we shall speedily have to record a fall in the prices of beef and mutton.' Such a change is certainly desirable, but we fear it is a vain hope.

"No supply of fish, however large, seems to affect the tariff of our butchers. Many kinds of sea-produce, notwithstanding their abundance, are dearer in proportion to their food-yielding properties than sirloins of beef or saddles of mutton. The price of fish is at present beyond its value as a food-product," though the present exhibition has caused an immense reduction in price and increased the market accommodation, affording greater facilities for its sale, which is being greatly appreciated. "An egg, for instance, contains much more meat than an oyster, yet a fresh oyster brings more than double the price of a new-laid egg. As all the world knows, the worth of any given article, whether it be flesh or fowl, is just what it brings in the market; and we are all aware that many kinds of fish cannot be bought at certain seasons except at a fancy price. Salmon at half-a-crown the pound weight, with turbot costing quite as much, and both fishes frequently much dearer, leave little hope of any considerable addition to our food-supplies being obtained from the sea." (During the period the exhibition was open salmon was sold as low as sevenpence per pound, and turbot sixpence.) "It might as well be argued that we could cheapen our beef by eating pie-crust, as expect that an increase of our fish-supplies would sensibly reduce the price of flesh-meat. The present demand for fish, even with the great organisation which now exists for its supply, can only be partially met; nor can fish-food ever become so abundant as materially to affect the prices of our other supplies. At certain times throughout the year, when markets become glutted with the commoner kinds of fish, the price falls so as to be almost nominal; but what is remarkable on the occasion of such gluts is, that however large the supply may be, it can readily be disposed of. By the aid of the telegraph, coupled with a quick railway transit, such arrangements may now be made for the disposal of the largest supplies of fish as could not be entered upon fifty years ago, when the produce of the deep was asserted to be much more plentiful than it is at present.

"In glancing over our stores of information about fish-food, we have been greatly struck with the desire shewn by various benevolent persons to 'have the poorer classes eat fish—a food-stuff at once so plentiful and cheap.' Such efforts are not now required, because all classes eat as much fish as they are able to purchase, and would most willingly eat more if they could obtain it at a moderate price." During the exhibition, through the patriotism of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, a fish dinner, consisting of boiled or fried fish with potatoes and bread, was supplied for sixpence—the quantity supplied forming a good meal. "Occasional strong appeals were from time to time, about the beginning of the present century, addressed to the working-classes, in order to encourage them to live more upon fish than they were in the habit of doing. One enthusiast says: 'I cannot help looking forward with confidence to the day when the fish of our streams, and especially those of the ocean which murmurs round our rocks, will contribute much more largely than it now does to supply a well ascertained want of the people of England.' One circumstance that must in some degree have prevented fish from becoming popular as food for the people arose from the fact, that, fifty years ago, it was difficult to procure it fresh; and, of all foods, fish-food requires to be eaten in season. Some fish decay quicker than others. A mackerel, for instance, begins to deteriorate the moment it is abstracted from the water. Doubtless, the people living half a century ago had their taste for such diet spoiled by partaking of fish that had begun to decompose or been badly cooked. No food is more susceptible of the arts of the cook than that composed of fish. A clever culinary artist can 'confection' such white-bait out of a little

flour and gum as are difficult to distinguish from the real fish; and in America, where the oyster is more plentiful than it is here, excellent artificial bivalves may be purchased all the year round.

"Another circumstance that perhaps prevented fish from becoming a popular diet, is well illustrated by the old housewives' proverb which says that 'when fish is bought, it is only half-bought;' for when the price of the butter is added to the cost of the fish, the total sum is comparatively large.

"It may prove interesting to record here one or two of the schemes which some sixty years since were successfully set on foot to popularise fish as food. On June 15, 1812, by a preconcerted arrangement, seventeen thousand mackerel were sold in Spitalfields at a penny each! These fish had been contracted for by Mr. Hale, a member of a committee which existed at that date for the relief of the manufacturing poor. That gentleman made an agreement with certain salesmen to purchase from ten to twenty thousand of these fish daily at the price of ten shillings for each hundred and twenty. The experiment, in consequence of the necessitous state of the people, was immediately successful, as many as half a million of these very palatable fish having been disposed of to the poor of London in one day. The total cost of carrying out the experiment for a considerable time amounted only to fifty pounds, that sum being expended in organising the distribution of the fish.

"At Sheffield, during a time of distress, the same committee, of which Mr. Hale was so active a member, sold upon one occasion two hundred tons of salted cod-fish, and four hundred thousand cured herrings—the cod-fish being sold at twopence-halfpenny a pound, whilst the herrings were disposed of at two for three-halfpence; and the poor people were very glad to have such wholesome 'kitchen' to their potatoes. Another of the same series of experiments was the entering into a contract for the purchase of all the fresh fish and corned (slightly salted) cod that could for a time be brought from the North Sea and Iceland fisheries, as much as eighteen pounds a ton being given for the supply. A considerable quantity was obtained; in the first instance, one hundred tons of salted fish, and fifty tons of fresh cod. In all, sixteen hundred and fifty tons of various fishes were bought and distributed. At eighteen pounds per ton, which was the contract price, the retail cost of the fish would come to about twopence per pound-weight. It is now sixty years since these experiments, born of sad necessity, were tried; but the prejudice which prevailed among the working-classes of England against a fish-diet was slow to overcome, and it was not till many years after, that the 'common people,' as they have been called, took kindly to fish-eating.

"Our supplies of fish are more limited than people suppose. Let us take the salmon as an example. Although a female fish weighing thirty pounds will yield thirty thousand ova, not a tenth part of these will ever become marketable fish; there are such hosts of enemies watching to feed on the eggs, and to devour the young ones when they are too small to be able to protect themselves. But even if all the salmon-eggs deposited in any given salmon-stream were to hatch out, and each yield a fish, they would not grow to any size, because a piece of water so many acres in extent, like a grass-field of similar size, will, as a general rule, feed and give growing-room to only a limited number of fish. Again, our sea-fish are supposed to be unlimited; but that too is a mistake, and exactly for the same reason. A female cod-fish, we know, spawns her eggs in millions; but in the ravaging depths of the sea countless quantities of these eggs never come to life, nay, hundreds of thousands of them are never even fructified by the milt of the male fish, and a large percentage of the young become the prey of enemies larger and more active than themselves. It is the same in the case of the herring and of the sole and flounder family; they are abundantly prolific, and it is well they are so, because the ingenuity of man, coupled with the daily inroads made upon the shoals by various piscine enemies, would soon despoil the sea of its finny treasures.

"It is a fashion with certain economists to keep iterating that we do not draw on our sea-food supplies to the extent we might do; and it is still more a fashion to have always certain fishes in the market which bring fancy prices. The turbot and the white-bait may be instanced as examples of the rage which prevails for 'creating' expensive fish. In this matter we are following a fashion which is many hundred years old. The classic epicures gloated over their red and striped mullet, just as the gourmets of to-day may be supposed to gloat over their turbot fins, or the thin portion of the salmon. These fishes, turbot and salmon, rule high in price at all times; salmon, during certain seasons of the year, being sold at half a guinea per pound-weight, besides being generally, throughout the period of the year when it is in season, as dear as the choicest cuts of beef or the best hind-quarters of mutton.

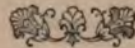
“Having said so much about the economy of our fish-supplies, the question will now be asked : What is the real value—as distinguished from the money value—of fish as food ? If a turbot of ten pounds weight cost a guinea and a half, or if a middle cut of a salmon weighing five pounds cost ten shillings, what is the value of the salmon as a food-product, compared with ten shillings’ worth of roast-beef, or the value of a turbot when contrasted with a guinea saddle of Southdown mutton ? Now, both beef and mutton, when roasted, are subject to a considerable percentage of waste, as also when boiled, if the water in which they have been cooked is not economised by being made into broth. It is not too much to assume that meat in the cooking process loses at least a fourth of its weight, besides being heavy in consequence of its bony parts. Badly fed beef wastes enormously in the process of roasting, and mutton also. But many kinds of fish, if we may believe the cook, ‘boil away to nothing,’ especially when they are not in their best condition. There are times when fish are not worth the trouble of making ready, and when that kind of food should not be partaken of. Land animals of all kinds are, at particular seasons, quite unfit for food. We allude to their times of reproduction, when the care and affection they bestow on their young seriously deteriorate their bodily structures. It is the same in a sense with fish, although the circumstances of their case are somewhat different. At certain periods, all the nourishment they obtain is absorbed in the development of their roe and milt, and yet it is only at the period when some fishes are about to fulfil the grandest instinct of their natures that they can be obtained for food-purposes. The herring-fishery presents us with a notable instance of this fact, as that popular fish cannot be captured except at those periods during which they congregate in shoals for the purpose of spawning, and, moreover, it is a law of the fishery laid down by government, that no herrings will be passed by the officers who wait upon the fishery unless they can certify that they are ‘full’ fish—that is, full of milt and roe !

“Many elaborate comparisons have been made as to the comparative food-values or butcher-meat and fish, and occasional controversies have arisen on the subject, in which the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food-value worth speaking of ; others say that fish-food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says, that fish, well cooked with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, ‘is chemically the same as butcher-meat, so far as nutrition is concerned.’ Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support the health and vigour of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country, the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and, as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy ; and the wives, who undertake a part of the men’s work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population ; their fish-diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous, and brave people. Let it be remembered that fish is a necessity of life in France and Spain, and as regards the latter country, a constant organisation is at work in our own islands to supply it with many kinds of cured fish. A huge portion of the pilchards taken on the coast of Cornwall, as well as many hundred hogsheads of cured and smoked herrings, are sent to the Spanish markets.

“A lady, a notable economist, being desirous of testing the food-powers of fish as compared with beef, tried the following experiment. She purchased a cod-fish weighing twenty pounds, for which she paid a sum of half a sovereign, or sixpence per pound-weight. This lady has eight in family, and she had determined that her cod-fish with a few little etceteras should compose the dinner. She had the cod-fish divided into three portions : the head and shoulders were boiled, the middle portion was baked, and the tail-cut was made into a curry ; a little water, in which a piece of veal had been boiled the previous day, having been added. Melted butter and half a hundred of small sauce oysters added to the cost of the banquet. The remainder of the dinner consisted of a bread-pudding. But it is only with the fish as holding comparison with butcher-meat that we have business. The cod-fish was bought whole, but was sent home ‘cleaned, and had, of course, been robbed of the liver, the sounds, and the *tongue*, which the fishmonger doubtless knew the value of. The roe, however, was left in the fish, and was fried. The cost of the fish, with oysters and butter, was fifteen shillings and ninepence, which, with lard and curry-powder, would make a

total of sixteen shillings and sixpence. The dinner, so far as the cooking was concerned, was quite a success; but the children, and the big people also, became sooner hungry than usual, so that the serving of tea had to be expedited by about an hour. Papa did not feel satisfied; he had a feeling about him that he had not dined. Mamma said little, but she felt that the experiment, comparatively speaking, had been an expensive one. And so it was. The same sum of money expended on butcher-meat, even at the present high prices, would, doubtless, have produced a more satisfactory meal. A tolerably large leg of mutton may be purchased for half a guinea; and a pair of rabbits for a curry, with a little bit of fat boiling beef to enrich the mess, would not have cost more than the cod-fish; and would have imparted to all sitting down to table the satisfactory feeling of having 'dined.' Such is now the opinion of that excellent domestic manager, who has from first to last tried a good number of experiments in the art and economy of cookery. What is especially desirable, is a wider knowledge of the art of cooking fish in a palatable and tasteful manner. How to dress up fish a second time, so as to be attractive as a dish at table, is what all females in the less affluent classes should be acquainted with. On this point, we can refer to some useful instructions in a small work recently issued at the Exhibition"; also to another, called, "Fish; how Caught, Cooked, and Cornered."*

"As regards the comparatively nutritious properties of food, the question is, how much nitrogenous matter and fat is there in any particular article? Good fat beef, well cooked, may be said to stand highest in this respect—the nitrogenous matter being about 15 per cent., and the fat 28 to 30 per cent. In white fish, the quantity of fat is for the most part as low as 2 per cent.; but the nitrogenous matter is as much as 18 per cent. The percentage of fat in eels rises to 13 per cent.; the nitrogenous matter, however, sinks to about 9 per cent. The conclusion one may arrive at is, that though fish falls short of meat in point of nutrition, the deficiency may be largely compensated by more frequent eating. Besides, we have to recollect, that there is a prodigious virtue in variety of food; one kind, as it were, making up for what is wanting in the other. Hence, the ever-increasing demand for fish, and rise in the cost of the article."



A WELSH WEDDING.

"THE ancient festivities connected with marriage are still retained in the rural parts of Wales. When the day for that ceremony has been fixed, 'bidding papers' are despatched to all friends, within possible distance. The Squire generally finds one laid on his table, and usually responds to the pecuniary part of the invitation. The following is a specimen of one of these papers:—

"CARMARTHENSHIRE, *Nov. 15th, 1850.*

"As we intend to enter the MATRIMONIAL STATE, on WEDNESDAY, the 4th day of December next, we are encouraged by our Friends to make a BIDDING on the occasion, the same day, at the Young Woman's Brother's House, at which time and place the favour of your very good and most agreeable company is respectfully solicited; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on us then will be thankfully received, warmly acknowledged, and cheerfully repaid, whenever called for on a similar occasion,

"By your most obedient Servants,

"DAVID PRICE,

"ELIZABETH JONES.

"The Young Man, with his Brother and Sister (Richard and Mary Price), desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with his Uncle, and his Brothers-in-law and Sisters, and their Wives, for all additional favours.

"The Young Woman and her Sister (Anne Jones) desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them be returned to the Young Woman on the above day, and will be thankful, together with her Brothers and Sisters-in-law, and her Uncles and Aunts, for all favours granted."

* London: Unwin Brothers. Price One Penny.

"As soon as the heroine of the day makes her appearance in bridal array among the assembled guests at her father's house, her friends proceed to hide her in the most unattainable place possible. Should the dwelling not afford such accommodation, the cow-house and stables are invaded, or even a neighbour's domicile. When hidden, notice is given to the bridegroom's chosen representatives, who are four or five in number; they advance to the door, and demand the fair prize from her father. The bride's chosen spokesmen reply to those outside. All the stock of wit possessed by either party is exchanged, amidst general hilarity, until the claimants are admitted to seek the lost one. Sometimes, she is so hopelessly concealed, that time creeps most alarmingly near twelve. When matters assume this serious aspect some kind friend is found to act as guide, and she is found, amidst universal acclamations. The bride's perils are, by no means, over; for, instead of going quietly to church, where the bridegroom has been waiting, his delegates make an attack upon her appointed body-guard. The poor girl often gets very rough handling between the combatants; and should the opposing one be victorious, she is carried off to some place of concealment, until again rescued. When, at last, the lady reaches the church gate, her betrothed comes forward, attended by two girls, determined, apparently, to make the most of his last unfettered minutes. He, then, having shaken hands with his future father-in-law, receives and conducts his bride to the altar.

"The instant the ceremony is over and the names registered, a furious scene of racing commences—very dangerous at a 'horse wedding.' The fleetest courier wins the pint of ale awarded to the bearer of the first intelligence from church to those at home.

"On the arrival of the new couple they are seated at a table, each holding a plate for the reception of 'bidding money;' and beside them a friend with a little book, in which are entered the names of the lenders, and the amount—for the promise to return, in kind, is taken *au pied de la lettre*. The debt is strictly one of honour, and if not repaid on the marriage of the creditor, is sure to be demanded. The ceremony over, the bride retires to change her dress—or make some alterations in it—and, on her return, attends upon her guests. A table is laid out with a very simple cold collation—bread, cheese, and butter—of which all partake, who choose. This may seem but poor hospitality, especially when we add that the beer and ale are *sold* to the guests; but any reader who knows the poverty of the Welsh peasantry, and their simple habits, will find excuse sufficient. The beer is supplied by the young woman's father, and the profits form part of her dower.

"Drinking is kept up, until a late hour, amid singing and music. Welsh *vocal* melodies are generally rather dismal. Few get beyond psalms, which are pretty enough, set to *Ar-hyd-y-nos*, &c., but national psalmody partakes very much of the cow-killing tune of general notoriety. Dancing is often indulged in. When the bride retires to rest, if a wary woman, she investigates the arrangements of her bed-room, for her friends consider it their duty to conclude the amusements with a practical joke.

"A melancholy catastrophe is said to have been the result of one of these practical jokes. On the afternoon of a wedding day, what was supposed to have been a dead viper was put into the bride's bed. Her husband, on joining her, found her a corpse! The viper lay in her bosom, with its head elevated to her mouth. She had not been stung, but had died, it was thought, from fear."



SPAIN.

THE Spanish Fishwife has no peculiarity of costume to distinguish her from the ordinary peasantry. A writer in *Temple Bar*, in "Sketches among the Spanish Poor," describes the Spanish as being, in character and habits, very much like the Irish poor.

"In dress they are intensely provincial. If the man be a Murcian, or Valencian, he will wear nothing but the coarse white linen, or rather cotton shirt, and baggy trousers to the knees of the same material, his legs below the knee being bare, and his feet encased in the strong hempen sandals worn also by the Spanish soldiery generally in the south, and called *alpargatas*; or, if he be a native of La Mancha, he will wear the rusty-brown trousers, heavy boots of untanned leather, and thick woollen jacket of that most disagreeable province, where the fiercest heat alternates with the most searching, dry, biting cold; or perhaps he is a regular Andaluz, and wears the short black jacket and striped woollen trousers of the kingdom; if, again, he be a *majo* or dandy, he wears a plaited pigtail of hair, tight black jacket, crimson sash, and tight-fitting, horsey, black trousers.

"The head-dress of the Spanish poor, as a rule, consists of nothing but a gay-coloured cotton or silk handkerchief, tied in such a manner that the two ends hang down behind; sometimes this is surmounted by the *sombrero*, or pork-pie hat, but not always.

"The costume of two classes deserves a moment's mention; that of the *charcoal-burner* from the mountains, the peasant of the *Sierra*, whose tiny shanty gives shelter to banditti and travelling police indiscriminately; and that of the *calesero*, i.e., driver of a *calesa* or diligence.

"The costume of the charcoal-burner is most picturesque; he is absolutely 'all clad in leather,' like the hero of the old nursery rhyme. He has a leathern jacket, with a double row of steel buttons on either lappet; leather breeches, loose above and tight below the knee, but never being buttoned below the knee they show a tight-fitting and oftentimes coarsely embroidered stocking; this dress is very expensive, and, as a rule, the mountaineer can only afford a new suit once in every three, four, or five years.

"The *calesero*, or driver of a public coach, is a dandy in his way; he always affects a jacket of black sheepskin, with a double row of tin or steel tags on either lappet; and in summer, a bright-coloured shirt, with open waistcoat of fancy silk, light coloured trousers, sandals, and the thong of his whip curled round his shoulders, complete his costume.

"The general head-dress of the poor of all trades and classes is the coloured handkerchief knotted over the back of the head, and the pork-pie hat, the folds of which are used as a receptacle for the cigars or bits of sausage or bacon which the owner may possess.

"As to the dress of the women, it is hard in a few lines to write upon it. They need no bonnets, for their hair is their glory; they wear, as a rule, sandals, with embroidered stockings; their dress consists of a short skirt showing the ankles, a white or black silk handkerchief pinned over the head in rain, dust, or heat, and a tiny shawl, of the brightest colours of the rainbow, thrown loosely and gracefully over the shoulders.

"Look at the Manchegan peasant on a Sunday or feast-day, admire her modest, if somewhat wooden face, her homely stuff gown, her black silk handkerchief for the head, her tiny silk *saya* or shawl drawn over her shoulders. She looks the very pattern of what she is—the thrifty, homely housewife.

"Admire the Murcian girl; her short, *en bon point* figure, rolling hips, and face at one moment pensive, downcast, and even melancholy, at the next all rippled over with a naïve, semi-impudent smile; her tiny emerald-green shawl thrown loosely over her shoulders; her short gown, red, perhaps, or bright yellow, hardly reaching to the ankles; her magnificent hair, rolled up at the back in a square, spreading plait; a girl who can one moment cry her eyes out at the loss of a copper, at the next burst with laughter, and

at a third take up (metaphorically speaking) half a ton weight and carry it off before your amazed eyes. Just now you had been looking at her delicately chiselled features, her short, semi-*retroussé* nose, her tiny, beautifully-shaped hand and foot, and now, all in a moment, she is devouring half-a-pound of bread and six ounces of sausage, and shouldering a load that would kill a horse. But, surely, this is the perfection of women—delicacy of form with strength of limb; he who wants more, who wants, in his ideal woman, learning, and ‘all the rest of it’—in fact, who wants anything more than the perfection of symmetry in form, *abandon* in manner, and refined beauty in face, must not come to southern Spain for his guest.

“Believing, as does the writer of these pages, that your ‘blue-stockings,’ ‘women who can be companions,’ and ‘clever women,’ are *the greatest anomalies*, and certainly the *greatest bores*, in the universe, and that all that a man *should* want in a woman is a being whose bright prattle shall act as a relief to all the solid talk and many cares of the day, and who shall be ‘*true to him, and sleep peacefully in his bosom*’ (as says a Spanish refrain)—believing this, the writer can, without hurting his conscience, praise the Spanish poor women *up to their eyes*—not the least part of their beauty—and declare that they are the most true, tender-hearted, affectionate women under the face of the sun. Much has been said about the impurity of Spanish women. The real fact is, the impurity, or the sin of it, rests with the men; if her husband keep true to her, no Spanish girl ever plays false with him. These women are most lovable, childish in disposition, true as steel, only desiring a faithful heart and strong arm to which to cling; they are kept straight by human love and truth, and sterling qualities; of religious support they have little.

“English often affect to laugh at Spanish women. So they may do, of course, if they like. But they only make absurd fools of themselves by so doing. As I have said, the Spanish girl is better, and more lovable, more a child of Nature than the English, and more apt and ready to appreciate what is good and sterling. But, besides this, flirtation, in its vile and bad sense, is unknown in our despised Peninsula. In England it is the ‘*custom*’ for a girl, because, and only because, she is pretty or rich, or (a rare case indeed!) rich and pretty also, to trifle with a man’s feelings. She encourages him up to a certain point, then when he presses his suit, gets indisposed, goes to the seaside, and, finally writes him a letter (dictated by father, uncle, or mother), saying that the state of her feelings is ‘not sufficiently settled,’ &c., &c., &c., and that ‘it is better we should not meet again;’ and all this because she has not, and never has had, any feelings towards the man she has encouraged, and because she has sent out her scouts, and found out that he is ‘not rich.’

“Now, Spanish poor girls (and rich girls also) offer a marked contrast to their English sisters in this respect. It is a matter of simple honour with them—brave, loving, generous, passionate creatures as they are—never, having once won a man’s heart, to throw it away. Come what may, your Spanish girl will never forsake, never betray you; you have suffered for her, waited for her; she will suffer for you, will wait for you: never will she betray you, lie to you, throw you over, never! And so, the poorest peasant-girl who has ‘given her troth’ will wait for years and years, until he who owns and holds her pledge shall return from the wars.”





PORTUGUESE.



ITALIAN.





RUSSIAN.





COLLEEN BAWN.



FISHING OFF VENEZUELA.

COSTUME enters but little into the calculations of requirements at this tropical region. The scantier and the lighter it is the better. Some details of the fishing will, however, be interesting.

"Whaling stations were here established nearly fifty years ago; and eight or ten boats leave the shore early every morning during the months of February, March, and April, in search of these monsters of the deep. Each boat is manned with five or six pullers, a harpooner and steersman, the harpooner being captain of the boat. The crews, mostly Africans or of African descent, are, as a rule, remarkable for great physical development of chest and arm. Seated in the bow, unless a whale is in sight, the harpooner may be seen bending over a lance or harpoon head, which he is whetting and oiling for future use, casting on it an almost affectionate glance, as it approaches nearer and nearer to his ideas of perfection. At other times standing with a small harpoon in his hands, he is on the look-out for an addition to his evening meal, in the shape of any fish that may pass before him.

"The moment a whale is seen, either blowing or stretched on the water, the greatest excitement prevails on board. The negro is at all times easily excited, and may be excused in a case of this kind, when he sees a fish worth from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds sterling not far off; perhaps within a short time to be moored a lifeless mass alongside his boat. Off go the shirts of the pullers, the boat's head is turned in the direction of the whale, and with their muscular backs and arms shining in the sun, the boat, impelled by the regular stroke of six oars, dashes in pursuit. When within fifteen or twenty feet of the whale, the harpooner drives his harpoon into the huge fish as near the head or heart as possible, and throwing over ten or fifteen fathoms of loose rope coiled in the bow, draws his long knife, and stands prepared to cut away, in case of accidents from entanglement of the rope with the clothes or limbs of any on board. The oarsmen have, meanwhile, laid in their oars, and sit ready to check the rope on one of the thwarts, as soon as this may be done without risk to the boat, or injury to the palms of their hands.

"If the whale goes straight down, or 'sounds,' as they term it, rope must be allowed to run out till it takes it into its head to rise again towards the surface. When partially exhausted after its first burst, the rope is hauled in hand over hand, and the harpooner prepares his lances. A good harpooner, if he gets sufficiently near to strike the whale in some vital part, may cause it to blow blood with the first lance-thrust, and so end its struggles at once. This is, however, the exception, not the rule.

"When the chase takes place within sight of those on shore, the excitement among the relations or friends of the crews knows no bounds.

"The yells of delight that hail each lance-thrust, and the 'pæan' that rises when the monster blows blood, echo and re-echo from the hillsides behind. Even a stranger feels the blood course more quickly through his veins as he sees the harpooner strike, and the boat almost instantly bound over the water, in obedience to the first rush of the wounded whale, then bury itself between the waves, which form like a wall on each side, leaving only the heads of the crew visible to the spectator.

"The whale is now dead; the other boats coming up, assist in towing it to the station, where, as soon as daylight permits, all hands are employed, some cutting off the blubber, while others attend to the caldrons, set in a row on brickwork. The blubber, when it has passed through these caldrons, and been made to part with as much of the oil as is possible under the circumstances, is then used for fuel. While thus employed, the different groups of workmen present a fine study for any rambling photographer who may chance to come that way. The scene is enlivened by songs, often by fighting, owing to the great facility with which rum may be obtained in exchange for fat or 'whale-beef;' and the proprietor of the station must keep a sharp look-out at this stage of the proceedings on the fleet of small canoes that crowd around ready to carry off any blubber they can lay their hands on.



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and Combined with an Equal portion of Gluten.**

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"CARNRICK'S" BEEF PEPTONOIDS contains *only the nutritive portions* of the Beef. It contains *no water* and *no inert matter* of any kind. We combine the dry Extract of Beef with an equal *portion* of Gluten to prevent a tendency to deliquescence, and in order to present the preparation in a powdered and portable form. It is well known that Gluten is the most nutritious substance found in the Vegetable Kingdom, and in nutritive elements is closely allied to Beef.

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The favour our preparation of BEEF PEPTONOIDS received at the hands of Drs. AGNEW, BLISS, HAMILTON, REYBURN, WOODWARD, BARNES, &c., the corps of eminent Physicians, who employed this preparation with so much advantage in the treatment of the late PRESIDENT GARFIELD, proves conclusively its great value, not only as a food to be taken by the mouth, but also how important an agent it has been found in feeding by the Rectum.

A reliable and experienced person is employed to select the Beeves before they are slaughtered, and to superintend the killing and dressing. Great care is exercised in this respect, and none except the most healthy and suitable Beeves are employed in making our BEEF PEPTONOIDS.

Everyone will appreciate the importance of this care, for an Extract made from diseased Beef would not only be deleterious, but would, in many cases, produce lasting injury and fatal results.

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DIRECTIONS FOR USE OF BEEF PEPTONOIDS.

For Beef Tea, mix 1 or 2 tea-spoonfuls in a breakfast cup of hot water, add pepper and salt to taste.

A small quantity spread upon slices of bread and butter makes a delicious Sandwich.

A tea-spoonful or more stirred in with corn flour or gelatine during the process of making and turned into a mould, when cold is a great delicacy and most nutritious food for invalids and delicate children.

A small quantity stirred in a plate of soup greatly improves and enriches its quality.

N.B.—For administration per Rectum : 1 table-spoonful in six ounces of warm water every four hours.

THE MALTINE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED,

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THE SHRIMPER.



"In the case of a female whale, the sea is often whitened by the milk that flows while she is being cut up. Steaks cut from a young whale are not bad eating when fresh, and possess this advantage over other kinds of flesh, that they may be eaten by Roman Catholics through Lent, the whale, though inhabiting the sea, being a mammal.

"Great numbers of vulture-like crows blacken the trees round the station, and regard the proceedings below with much interest, descending now and again to steal any flesh or fat they can lay their beaks on. It is often amusing to see a couple of them fighting over a long strip of beef. Having began to swallow it at the same time at opposite ends, then perhaps having got down some five or six inches of it, each crow becomes aware of a sudden jerking sensation imparted to the meat from the other. One or other must disgorge, and then a regular fight ensues.

"The fishermen of the neighbourhood cut the meat into slices, and hang it to dry for future use. After exposure to the air it becomes quite black in appearance, and very rank both in smell and taste; but for all that they seem to like it, and what is more to the purpose, get fat on it. Pigs, dogs, and cats improve the occasion, and all become quite round and sleek during the whaling season. For some days after a whale has been taken, every bush and tree near the fishermen's houses is hung with this jerked meat, rather tempting morsels for the crows that hover round ready to take advantage of every chance that may offer of filching.

"When all the blubber and fat has been removed from the carcass, it is usually towed out, and allowed to drift with the current as a bait for sharks, while large canoes, fitted somewhat in the style of whale-boats, follow it, to harpoon any of these fish that may come within range. Sharking is rather good sport in itself, and is at the same time very remunerative, on account of the quantity of oil that can be obtained from the liver. The shark is killed much in the same way as the whale, being first harpooned, and then lanced till it is exhausted, after which its liver is cut out and placed in the boat. The liver is four or five feet long, and a large one will give as much as fifteen or sixteen gallons of oil. Though sharks in these parts are numerous, accidents while bathing, or even when boats are swamped at sea, are rare; and they will not touch a human being even when in the water alongside a whale that is being cut up. Several instances are well authenticated where persons have thus fallen among them, and escaped without injury; the shark, it is said, preferring the blubber and flesh of the whale to human flesh. There can be no doubt, however, that if the person thus immersed were wounded in such a manner as to cause blood to flow, sharks would eat him just as readily as they do the whale. When in great numbers, they will eat one of their own kind that has been severely wounded, and on such occasions rush at the body so fiercely as to force it above the surface.

"On one occasion, the crew of a whale-boat that had been swamped were picked up by their consort-boat, and the harpooner directed them to pull for his hat that was floating at some distance off. As he was about to pick it up, a large shark rising to the surface swallowed it, thus showing that this fish is not at all times nice in its tastes. On one occasion, a lad saw such numbers of sharks round a carcass, that he thought he might have some sport with them, and taking with him a negro lad, proceeded in a canoe, with four or five fathoms of line. He was soon fast to a shark, and having foolishly attached the line to one of the thwarts, was almost soon upset among hundreds of other sharks. On rising to the surface, he made for the shore, but seeing that the negro boy had returned to the boat, which was now floating bottom up, he did so also, and they both got on to the keel, where they remained till rescued by the whalers ashore, who saw their predicament, and came to their aid. It was lucky for both of them that there was plenty of blubber about, or they would certainly have been taken. This man afterwards became very successful in his mode of capturing sharks. At first he used to attach the harpoon to the end of the rope; but finding that the shark, when hauled up near to the boat, sometimes bit it through, he was curious to find out how this was done. As the shark was always struck somewhere about the back, it seemed inexplicable; but he ascertained at last, that when the rope got quite taut, the shark managed to wind himself up in its coils, till he got it into his mouth, when his 'jaws, armed with three-fold fate,' soon made short work of it. He has since attached six or seven feet of chain to the end of the rope, fastening the harpoon on to the chain.

"Several varieties of sharks are found in these waters, all great cowards, excepting the so-called

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*When the pie was opened
the birds began to sing the
praises of*



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WAITING.

1

2

'Tintorel,' which is quite fearless. It has fine large eyes, and its mouth is much farther forward in its head than is common with other varieties of the shark kind. Spaniards, and those of Spanish descent, are generally very fond of shark's flesh, and say that, when properly washed in lime-juice, to remove its unpleasant odour, it is a very fine dish. Some prefer it to most other kinds of fish; and on the north coast, sharks' heads may often be seen on the beaches, the body having been removed for food.

"Small sharks, from three to five feet long, are often caught in seines, and require careful handling to get them out after the net has been dragged ashore. They can bend their bodies into a semicircular form, and by this means may get hold of one's leg. The most approved plan is to take firm hold just above the fork of the tail, keeping the hands well out from the body, and thus drag them to a spot where they can be conveniently dispatched. Not long since, a man who was removing one from a net without this precaution, got rather a serious bite on the calf of his leg. A shark will often flap its tail after its heart has been cut out.

"During the whaling season, lobster-fishing may be successfully pursued either on a calm, bright morning, or by torchlight on a dark night. Two persons are required for this sport by daylight; one uses the harpoon, or dives for the lobster, while the other pulls slowly along in water from four to fifteen feet deep. Catching fish by nets is successfully carried on along the coast of Trinidad and Venezuela. It furnishes much amusement. Seining is the most interesting of the different processes, at least to those who prefer seeing a great variety of fish, as many different kinds are at times caught in a single haul of the net; and it is curious to see how quickly the fishermen of the place, on the darkest nights, distinguish the different kinds of fish brought to land."



COLLEEN BAWN.

A DISTINCTIVE Irish Fishwife Costume does not exist, but in order to make our book the more perfect, and at the same time supply a design that we are very often asked for, we give (see page 71) what is generally considered to be a representative Irish costume. This consists of a short linsey skirt turned up to show the petticoat, which is generally of red or some bright colour; a loose jacket body, sometimes laced down the front, cut low at the throat, and turned-up sleeves. Over this is worn a long cloak made in frieze, and made with a cape and a hood; these cloaks are called Colleen Bawn Cloaks. The illustration-page 79 is nearer to the actual Irish peasant costume; though on the west coast, where the sea moss is collected, shoes and stockings are not worn. Sometimes a handkerchief is worn on the head.

Paper model of either Costume, cut to measure, 7/6, supplied by Madame MARIE SCHILD, 10, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

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Boiled with milk, and with or without the addition of sugar and flavouring, it may be ready for the table within fifteen minutes; or, poured into a mould and cooled, it becomes in the course of an hour a Blanc-mange, which, served with fresh or preserved fruit, will be acceptable at any meal.

Add sultanas, raisins, marmalade, or jam of any kind, and in about the same time it is made into an excellent Baked Pudding. To which may be added:—Take care to boil with milk, when so required, for *not less than eight minutes*.

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DUTCH OYSTER WOMAN.

A FEW HOMELY WORDS ON FISHERIES.

If you ask a sailor, what is the richest region on the globe? he will answer, "*The Sea!*" In fact, what treasures are not hidden beneath its depths, accumulated there by the shipwrecks of ages! What vessels, laden with all the wealth of the East, and precious gems, and wonderful materials, and gold and silver, and marvels of art have not poured their treasures into the deep blue waters of the sea! But not only do man's treasures fill the ocean's lap; other treasures are to be found there, born out of the great Creator's hands! The sea gives us pearls, sponges, corals, tortoises, and an unknown number of fish, all of which are used by man for food or ornament. Even the whale is brought into man's service, and finds a place in a lady's wardrobe, its bones being used to shape a lady's form and make it seem slender or full, according to fashion's vagaries, as evidenced by the display of C. P. Corsets in the Exhibition, which are made from whalebone, and not steel, as is the general rule. I cannot, however, in this short sketch describe any particular fishery to you. Besides, you will find most *celebrated* fisheries, as of pearls, corals, whales, etc., described in books and manuals specially devoted to the subject. All I can pretend to do is to cast a passing glance on smaller fisheries, not important enough, perhaps, to find a place in larger works on the subject; as, for instance, the Adriatic fisheries, which are still in a most primitive state, not having made a step forward, I think, since the day that a fishing net was first made by man. The fishermen along the Adriatic coast leave their little villages in sailing boats built for the purpose, but in the most simple style imaginable. When at sea, they wait for the other fishing boats of neighbouring villages, and then begin their work all together. They fish with a training net, called a *tartane*. This is made with an immense net, like a bag, and the net is close and thickly netted. Round the opening, however, there is a second net of very large and open stitches. This is kept down by pieces of lead at the bottom, whilst pieces of cork are fixed to the top edge. Now, one end of this top net is held by the fishermen in one boat, and the other end by the fishermen in another boat, and the two boats then move slowly along, with this net between them, into which the fish must fall, if any fish be on their road. After a few hours of this work, they draw up the bottom bag net and take out what fish there may be in it. Sometimes the catch is very rich, but sometimes the men's labours are in vain, and they have to recommence their work until they succeed, for this is their bread, and if they return to shore without fish, their wives and children may have nothing to eat, most of these fishermen being extremely poor and having no other resource but the fruits of the sea upon which to live. Soles and mullet are caught with these double nets, or dragging nets, in the Adriatic Sea.

A much more interesting fishery, however, is the torch-light fishery of the Adriatic Italian coast. A resinous torch is lighted on the prow of the vessel; and, whilst two men attend to the vessel, a third throws his hook in the sea and makes quick work of the fish, which are blinded and stunned by the light. Easy as this may seem in reading, however, it requires, on the contrary, great art to obtain good results. General Garibaldi, it is said, was very clever at this sport, and his little rocky island of Caprera was also particularly adapted to it. An amusing fishery in Italy is the cuttlefish catch. Children are very fond of this sport. For this, imitation cuttlefish, made of tin, are sold. These are fastened to a long twine, and are made to float in the water, whilst the boat moves along. The fish, taking the tin one for reality, swim towards it with eagerness. A little hand-net, like a butterfly net, is then thrown in, and the fish is caught up quite easily, as if in a trap. Spring time is best for this sport, and at full moon. In an hour an abundant catch may be made with very little fatigue.

The sea has also immigrating fish, as herrings, sardines, anchovies, and tunny, and also a kind of cod-fish,—not the kind we know in England, that only lives in cold countries; but another that is not adverse to heat, and which is plentiful in Italy at certain seasons of the year. The most stupid fish that exists is

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the poor tunny, which is the victim of dolphins, as well as of man's greed. Troops of these fish enter the Mediterranean every year. When there, they separate into two bands—one band taking the coasts of Spain, France, and Italy, and the other band the African coast. When they meet an obstacle, they make a lateral turn; and their chief enemy, man, takes advantage of this habit to cast a special net into the sea for their capture. For instance, in the neighbourhood of a promontory or any other projection likely to obstruct the fish's free course, a long channel of nets is constructed, with here and there a curtain also made of net, that can be raised or lowered at will. This channel is not straight, but follows several curves, ending in a large chamber of network, called the "Chamber of Death." As soon as the tunnyfish knock against the promontory, they turn on one side; and instead of following the outlines of the rock, they run into the channel already prepared for them. They are let in, a few at a time, like a crowd of people at a theatre door, by raising and lowering the net doors according to requirement. The whole band is thus gradually driven into the large chamber at the end, where they are all killed with iron hooks. Nothing is wasted of the tunnyfish, which is justly called the "Pig of the Sea." It is salted, or cooked, to be pickled in oil, according to requirement. Burning oil is then extracted from the head, fins, bones, etc. The coast of Tunis is prolific in tunnyfish, but the best quality comes from Sardinia, an Italian island. A tunny fishery brings in about two thousand pounds sterling a year.

But more fruitful still are the herring fisheries of Scotland, England, and Holland, and those which escape the nets of the fishermen of these countries are also a source of wealth to the north of France and Germany. I remember one year, when I was in Germany, that the herrings were so abundant that they were used for manure, there not being sufficient casks to put them in. The very village was called Herringsdorf (Herrings' Village). I believe that the same thing happens sometimes in Scotland. Amsterdam, it is said, is built on a foundation of herring bones. In Holland, by the bye, there is a very pretty custom connected with the herring fishery. The first herring that is caught is called the "King of Herrings," and the person who has been fortunate enough to catch it, has permission to take it to the King, and has free passage and free railway fare wherever he goes until he has given up his prize—the humble herring being considered the principal source of wealth to the country. North America is also very rich in fisheries—those of the cod in Newfoundland having only for rivals Norway and Iceland. Codfish is not taken in nets, like herrings, tunny, anchovies, sardines, etc., but with hooks. Miles and miles of hooks are spread out every night, with a bit of fish at the end of each hook, and when they are taken up it is rare that a codfish is not found at the end of each hook!

At Valparaiso, many people do nothing else but fish for cod all day long, and each man uses four rods: one in each hand and one on each foot; and it is astonishing the dexterity with which they draw out the rods, take off the fish, and drop the line again, with an almost continuous regularity of movement. Sometimes two fish are found on one hook. The cod fisheries of Newfoundland give work to thousands of men. Vessels of as much as 700 tons are sent out on these fisheries, and the fishermen must be able seamen as well as clever hooksmen.

France sends out several men of war yearly, solely for the purpose of protecting its fisheries in distant countries.

The most dangerous of all, however, are the whale fisheries. The greatest courage, presence of mind, endurance, and bodily strength are necessary for this kind of fishing. In fact, the whale fisherman is the model of the fisherman sailor. Whale fishermen have no regular pay; they divide half the profits of the whales they take among themselves, the other half going to the ship. A whaler's crew is numerous. It consists of a captain and three mates, the men who throw the harpoon at the whale, and the helmsmen, who have also a most delicate mission to fulfil. There are also the sentinels, men with lynx eyes, who sit in a kind of cage at the top of the fore-mast to span the horizon in search of the white spray of water which betrays the presence of a whale. When one is announced, the whole vessel is in movement, and the ship is turned in the direction of the monster, sleeping on the water. Each vessel is provided with several smaller boats, armed for the purpose, which are called whalers. The men who have to capture the whales, go into these boats when near enough to begin the attack, whilst others remain on board the larger ship to make boats in exchange for those that may become damaged, and to prepare the

cauldrons in which the fat, or blubber, of the whale has to be melted, and also to make ready the casks to contain the oil obtained from the melted fat. Every man, whether in the big ship or in the little boats, has his own work to do and attend to. When the boats are near enough, the harpoon is thrown at the whale, under the ears, if possible. This wakes the animal, who plunges under water in a moment, and frequently drags down the boat also, if the greatest precautions are not taken. It cannot remain long under water, so soon reappears on the surface, and in this movement also can upset, not one boat, but several of the boats, bent on its destruction. If all goes well for the men, the whale is struck a second time, and several times even before it is killed, which is not an easy thing to do, as the beast is very quick, and, moreover, protected by a coating of fat, through which it is difficult to penetrate. With each fresh wound, however, its forces decrease, though it struggles to the last for life. Onward it swims, followed by its persecutors for miles and miles; but the men do not give up the chase, for a whale costs several hundreds of pounds sterling, and they have risked their own lives for this. At night, however, the chase must be given up; at least until day breaks again, when the sentinels explore the sea from their turrets, and cast their sharp glance over the whole horizon. If the whale is anywhere within that wide expanse, the sentinels must see it, be it dead, be it alive. If dead, the sea birds hovering over its carcass, betray its presence. Sometimes a dead whale is thus found that has not been killed by those who find it. This is known by the lances in its body, which bear the name of the ship whose crew killed the whale. In this case, half the proceeds of the whale go to those who killed it, and half to those who found it!

The men jump on the whale's back, which is as big as a small island, and cut its flesh up in pieces and haul the fat up into the boilers to be melted. All this time the birds of prey, hovering above, have to be kept off, or they would leave nothing of the whale for the men. When all that can be taken of it is in the ship, the rest is left to the birds, who pounce upon it with the voracity of their kind. The whaler's life is a very hard one, and increases in hardship according as the sea is more or less inclement. Spermaceti whales are found in the Azores Archipelago, in the Atlantic, in the Sandwich Archipelago, and in the Pacific; thus the whale fisheries are comprised between Greenland, Western Europe, and Northern America on one side, and between Japan, Tartary, Kamschatka, and British Columbia on the other. Every year, the whales move more towards the North, and they rear their young in the Polar Seas. It is there, amid eternal ice, that English and American whale fishermen go to catch and kill whales. Whale vessels seldom enter any port until they have made a capture. They are sometimes out for six months at a time.

Whales are more dangerous in spring than at any other time, because they have still their young with them. The males also are very playful at that time of the year, and jump in the water to the height of several yards! Woe to a ship, if within the zone of that jump; it would be swallowed by the water like a nutshell. Sometimes a solitary whale finds its way into the Mediterranean and other seas, distant from its natural hemisphere; but this is of very rare occurrence.

The seal can scarcely be called a fish, but it is a most interesting inhabitant of the sea. It is very loving and affectionate when domesticated, and is thus called the "Dog of the Sea." Some seals moan like a child, and are even said to pronounce some easy words, like "Mamma." Once upon a time, the seal was a happy creature, its only enemy being the white bear. But since the beauty of its coat has been acknowledged by fashion, it is the victim of man's greed, as it is of the bear's hunger. English and American hunters are the worst enemies of the seal, whose fur is now valued as much as sable by French, American, and English ladies—a seal-skin jacket having taken the place of the once indispensable Indian shawl in the marriage outfit of every French lady of quality!

These are but very few words for so extensive a subject, but to give even the smallest description of all the fisheries (of Europe only) in this small space would have been impossible. I have limited myself, therefore, to the most curious fisheries known to us in general. If these subjects have interested you, perhaps they may invite you to study great works on the subject, and to point the road to these has been my only aim in jotting down these "few homely words" on the fisheries of the world. Your pardon for all shortcomings.

EAST COAST FISHERIES.

IN THE Report before the House of Commons by the late Mr. Frank Buckland, in his capacity as Inspector of Fisheries, "On the Condition of the Fisheries of Norfolk and the sister Counties," the following information is given :

"Yarmouth for eight hundred years past has been celebrated for its herring-fishery. Old histories tell us that in the days of Canute its site was a mere sand-bank ; in Edward the Confessor's time it was just visible at low water. At the beginning of William the Conqueror's reign it became constantly dry ground, so that fishermen from various parts of England came annually to catch herrings. This fishery has steadily progressed, and now, not only has the number of boats and men much increased, but also the depth and length of the nets have been augmented. Many boats now fish with nets a mile and a third long ; some are known to use nearly two-mile length of nets. It is calculated that during the months of September, October, and November it would be well within the mark to say that for the capture of herrings there are in use, every favourable night in the North Sea, between five and six thousand miles of netting. Formerly, these nets were made exclusively of twine ; now, cotton only is used, having been found from its softness to be much better adapted to the purpose.

"The kippered herring trade at Yarmouth finds employment for large numbers of women, ten thousand barrels being now yearly required for this trade alone. The fisheries of Yarmouth and Lowestoft are truly described as of national importance ; for the herrings alone supplied through these ports would give about fourteen meals in the year to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom, allowing one fish to a meal. With regard to the proper seasons for conducting these fishing operations, we find that in January no herrings are caught. Towards the end of February the fishermen begin to catch spring herrings, and continue this work during the three succeeding months. The spring herrings, however, are nothing but skin and bone, hardly fit, indeed, for human food. They are sold in large quantities to the Dutch and French fishermen as bait for catching halibut, turbot, &c. The real 'harvest of the sea' begins in September, and lasts until Christmas.

"Lowestoft in former years derived some benefit from the mackerel fisheries ; but the business was never a very remunerative one, and of late the number of boats engaged in it has much decreased. The merchants have to compete with the very fine fish caught off the Irish coast near Kinsale, and with the immense quantities of mackerel imported from Norway ; these are packed in ice, and find a ready market amongst the manufacturing towns, as well as in London. Ice is also an indispensable part of the stock-in-trade of every Yarmouth fisherman, for unless the boats carried large quantities of it out to sea, they could make but very short trips. Large stocks of it are brought to Yarmouth from the numerous broads and rivers of Norfolk, in wherries holding twenty or thirty tons ; in the summer season numerous cargoes of ice are discharged from Norwegian vessels. A mild English winter seriously affects the year's profits, for every block of ice needed has then to be got from Norway.

"There is no regular oyster-fishery now at Yarmouth. Some years ago, when the anchor and chain of a lightship stationed off this coast were removed, a large number of oysters were found attached to them. Dredges were then used, and a considerable bed of oysters was found about the lightship. The supply was, however, soon dredged out, and the men left off working when their work ceased to be profitable. Mr. Buckland, in accounting for the presence of this single bed, gives some interesting facts about the breeding of oysters, well worth quoting. When the mother-oyster spawns, she opens her shells and blows out the 'spat' in a dense cloud ; not at all unlike the steam from a railway engine on a clear frosty morning. If the water is quiet, the tide calm, and the temperature warm, these young spats swim up and down, and around their mother ; when the sun is very hot, they ascend to the surface, and there play about

like gnats on a still evening. It frequently happens that the tide drifts immense numbers of these living spat away from among the shells of the parent oysters; these swim, and are carried by the tide, and at last sink to the bottom of the sea. If the bottom is clean and favourable for their taking hold of some suitable 'culch,' they remain, and establish a new oyster bed; if not, they all perish. This migration of the young oysters is somewhat analogous to the swarming of bees. The young bees leave the parent hive for the reason that if they stayed in the hive there would not be space for the two families, and the general stock would suffer. In the same way the oysters, by a provision of nature, may be said to 'swarm,' in order that there shall not be too many on one spot. No pains seem to be taken by the fishermen to secure the natural enemies of the oyster. These are: five-fingers, usually called star-fish, and said to make excellent field manure; dog-whelks or borers; broad weeds; and burrs or sea-urchins. As many as fifty or sixty of these burrs are often brought up in one haul of the dredge; but they are carelessly returned to the water. Unless better care be taken to destroy this 'sea vermin,' Mr. Buckland despairs of any really good oyster-culture on this coast.

"Cromer and the adjoining villages along the coast form the headquarters of the crab and lobster fisheries. The extent of fishing-ground here is about sixteen square miles, described as one vast forest of seaweed, and naturally a splendid breeding and feeding place for crabs. In former times the crabs were caught by what is called the 'hoop-net.' This was sunk to the bottom of the sea and worked with the hand, after the fashion of a minnow net; this apparatus sufficed until crab-pots were invented. These are made of a cage of thick string netting fastened across bows of iron or wood; the cage is one foot nine inches long, and one foot three inches across the bottom. The crabs enter the crab-pots through two funnel-shaped doors, which act on the principle of a mouse-trap—easy to get in, but not so easy to get out; a side-door is let down, when the crabs are to be removed. The bait used are flat-fish, locally called butts. These fisheries, forming the principal industry of the Cromer district, are sadly on the decline; and their utter extinction is feared within a few years, unless some remedy against the wholesale destruction of small crabs, which is practised by some fishers, can be devised. Mr. Buckland directs public attention to the horrible cruelties perpetrated in getting the crabs ready for market. They are actually placed in cold water, a fire lighted, and gradually boiled; the reason given for this being, that if they were put into boiling water at once, they would cast their claws. The crabs and lobsters are all sent away from the Norfolk coast packed in hampers; and this process of boiling crabs alive takes place at their several destinations or markets. Such cruelties should at once be stopped. It is suggested that the crab could easily and painlessly be killed by running an awl or needle through the heart, which is situated in the centre of the body, just below the mouth. Lobsters are usually plunged into boiling water and killed at once.

"Medical men consider oysters, crabs, and lobsters, should form the diet of all persons engaged in business or literary pursuits, where much wear and tear of the nerve powers takes place from day to day, for no substance conveys phosphorous so readily into the human system, or assimilates so readily and quickly with the system. Care must, however, be taken that the organs of digestion are not disturbed by too large a quantity of this kind of diet.

"Mr. Buckland concludes his Report with a variety of recommendations regarding the better preservation and further cultivation of these fisheries; a matter, he justly considers, of the utmost importance, not only to the fishermen and inhabitants of Norfolk, but also to the public at large, for the teeming population of England is eating up the products not only of the land, but also of the ocean; and he trusts that, should legislation, based upon his labours, take place, it will result in furthering the great object of his life—the increase of food for the people." One great result of Mr. Buckland's labours is the present Exhibition.



ATLANTIC WAVES.

"ONE brisk March morning, in the year 1848, the brave steamship, Hibernia, rolled about in the most intoxicated fashion on the broad Atlantic, in north latitude fifty-one, and west longitude thirty-eight, fifty—the wind blowing a hard gale from the west-south-west. To most of the passengers the grandeur of the waters was a mockery, the fine bearing of the ship only a delusion and a snare. Everything was made tight on deck; if any passenger had left a toothpick on one of the seats, he would assuredly have found it lashed to a near railing. Rope was coiled about every imaginable item; and water dripped from every spar of the gallant vessel. Now it seemed as though she were travelling along through a brilliant gallery, flanked on either side by glittering walls of water; now she climbed one of the crested walls, and an abyss, dark and terrible as the famous Maelstrom, which can't be found anywhere, yawned to receive her. The snorts of the engine seemed to defy the angry waters; and occasionally, when a monster wave coiled about the ship, and thundered against her, she staggered for a moment, only to renew the battle with fresh energy.

"The cooks and stewards went placidly through their several daily avocations on board this rolling, fighting, shaking craft. If they had been Belgravian servants, or club-house waiters, they could not have performed their duties with more profound unconcern. Their coolness appeared nothing less than heroic to the poor tumbled heaps of clothes with human beings inside who were scattered about the cabins below. An unhappy wight who had never before been five miles from Boston, was anxiously inquiring of the chief steward the precise time in the course of that evening that the vessel might be expected to founder; while another steward, with provoking pertinacity, was asking how many would dine in the saloon at six, with the same business-like unconcern, as if the ship were gliding along on glass. So tremendous was the tossing; so extreme the apparent uncertainty of any event except a watery terminus to all expectation, that this sort of coolness appeared almost wicked.

"Then there was a monster in British form actually on deck—not braving, it was said, but tempting the storm to sweep him into eternity. He astonished even the ship's officers. The cook did not hesitate to venture a strong opinion against the sanity of a man who might, if he chose, be snugly ensconced in the cabin out of harm's way, but who *would* remain upon deck, in momentary danger of being blown overboard. The cook's theory was not ill supported by the subject of it; for he was continually placing himself in all manner of odd places and grotesque postures. Sometimes he scrambled up on the cuddy-roof; then he rolled down again on the saloon-deck; now he got himself blown up on the paddle-box; *that* was not high enough for him, for when the vessel sunk into a trough of the sea, he stood on tip-toe, trying to look over the nearest wave. A consultation was held in the cuddy, and a resolution was unanimously passed that the amateur of wind and water (which burst over him every minute) was either an escaped lunatic or—a College Professor.

"It was resolved *nem. con.* that he was the latter; and from that moment nobody was surprised at anything he might choose to do even while the Hibernia was labouring in what the mate was pleased to call the most 'lively' manner. The Professor, however, to the disgust of the sufferers below, who thought it was enough to *feel* the height of the waves, without going to the trouble of measuring them, pursued his observations in the face of the contempt of the official conclave above mentioned. He took up his position on the cuddy-roof, which was exactly twenty-three feet three inches above the ship's line of flotation, and there watched the mighty mountains that sported with the brave vessel. He was anxious to ascertain the height of these majestic waves, but he found that their crests rose so far above the horizon from the point where he was standing, that it was utterly impossible, without gaining a greater height for observation, that he could arrive at any just estimate on the subject. His observations from the cuddy-roof proved, however, beyond a doubt, that the majority of these rolling masses of water attained a height of considerably more than

twenty-four feet, measuring from the trough of the sea to the crests of the waves. But the Professor was not satisfied with this negative proof; and in the pursuit of his interesting inquiry, did not feel inclined to be baffled. It is impossible to know what the secret thoughts of the men at the wheel were, when the valiant observer announced his intention of making the best of his way from the cuddy-roof to the larboard paddle-box. Now he was to be seen tumbling about with the motion of the ship; at one moment clinging to a chain-box; at the next, throwing himself into the arms of the second mate. Now he is buried in spray, and a few minutes afterwards his spare form is seen clinging to the rails which connect the paddle-boxes.

"Despite the storm without, a calm mathematical process is going on within the mind of that ardent observer. The Professor knew he was standing at a height of twenty-four feet nine inches above the flotation mark of the ship; and allowing five feet six inches as the height of his eye, he found the elevation he had attained to be altogether thirty feet three inches. He now waited till the vessel subsided fairly for a few minutes into the trough of the sea in an even and upright position, while the nearest approaching wave had its maximum altitude. Here he found also, that at least one half part of the wave intercepted by a considerable elevation his view of the horizon. He declared that he frequently observed long ranges extending one hundred yards on one or both sides of the ship—the sea then coming right aft—which rose so high above the visible horizon, as to form an angle estimated at two to three degrees when the distance of the wave's crest was about a hundred yards off. This distance would add about thirteen feet to the level of the eye. This immense elevation occurred about every sixth wave. Now and then, when the course of a gigantic wave was impertinently interfered with by another liquid giant, and they thundered together, their breaking crests would shoot upward at least ten or fifteen feet higher—about half the height of the monument—and then pour down a mighty flood upon the poor Professor in revenge for his attempt to measure their majesties. No quantity of salt water, however, could wash him from his post, till he had satisfactorily proved, by accurate observation, that the average wave which passed the vessel was fully equal to the height of his eye—or thirty feet three inches—and that the mean highest waves, not including the fighting or broken waves, were about forty-three feet above the level of the hollow occupied at the moment by the ship.

"Satisfied at length of the truth of his observations, the Professor, half pickled by the salt water, and looking, it must be confessed, very cold and miserable, descended to the cabin. Throughout dinner-time a conversation was kept up between the Professor and the Captain—the latter appearing to be about the only individual on board who took any interest whatever in these scientific proceedings. The ladies, one and all, vowed that the Professor was a monster, only doing 'all this stuff' in mockery of their sufferings. Towards night the wind increased to a hurricane; the ship trembled like a frightened child before the terrible combat of the elements. Night, with her pall, closed in the scene:—it was a wild and solemn time. Towards morning the wind abated. For thirty hours a violent north-west gale had swept over the heaving bosom of the broad Atlantic.

"This reflection hastened the dressing and breakfasting operations of the Professor, who tumbled up on deck at about ten o'clock in the morning. The storm had been subdued for several hours, and there was a visible decrease in the height of the waves. He took up his old position on the cuddy-roof, and soon observed that, even then, when the sea was comparatively quiet, ten waves overtook the vessel in succession, which all rose above the apparent horizon; consequently they must have been more than twenty-three feet—probably about twenty-six feet—from ridge to hollow. From the larboard paddle-box, to which the Professor once more scrambled, he observed that occasionally four or five waves in succession rose above the visible horizon—hence they must have been more than thirty feet waves. He also observed that the waves no longer ran in long ridges, but presented more the form of cones of moderate elongation."

"Having so far satisfied himself as to the height of Atlantic waves in a gale of wind (the Professor's estimate must not be taken as the measurement of the highest known waves, but simply as that of a rough Atlantic sea) he directed his attention to minuter and more difficult observations. He determined to measure the period of time occupied by the regular waves in overtaking the ship, their width from crest to crest, and the rate of their travelling. The first point to be known was the speed of the ship; this he ascertained to be nine knots. His next object was to note her course in reference to the direction of the waves. He found that the true course of the vessel was east, and that the waves came from the west-north-west, so that

they passed under the vessel at a considerable angle. The length of the ship was stated to be two hundred and twenty feet. Provided with this information the Professor renewed his observations. He proceeded to count the seconds the crest of a wave took to travel from stern to stem of the vessel; these he ascertained to be six. He then counted the time which intervened between the time when one crest touched the stern of the vessel, and the next touched it, and he found the average interval to be sixteen seconds and a fraction. These results gave him at once the width between crest and crest. As the crest travelled two hundred and twenty feet (or the length of the vessel) in six seconds, and sixteen seconds elapsed before the next crest touched the stern, it was clear that the wave was nearly three times the length of the vessel; to write accurately, there was a distance of six hundred and five feet from crest to crest.

"The Professor did not forget that the oblique course of the ship elongated her line over the waves; this elongation he estimated at forty-five feet, reducing the probable average distance between crest and crest to five hundred and fifty-nine feet.

"Being quite satisfied with the result of this experiment, the hardy Professor, still balancing himself on his giddy height, to the wonder and amusement of the sailors, found that the calculations he had already made did not give him the actual velocity of the waves. A wave-crest certainly passed from stern to stem in six seconds, but then the ship was travelling in the same direction at the rate of nine geographical miles per hour, or 15·2 feet per second; this rate the Professor added to the former measure, which gave 790·5 feet for the actual distance traversed by the wave in 16·5 seconds, being at the rate of 32·67 English miles per hour. This computation was afterwards compared with calculations made from totally different data by Mr. Scott Russell, and found to be quite correct.

"With these facts the Professor scrambled from the larboard paddle-box of the *Hibernia*. He had also made some observations on the forms of waves. When the wind blows steadily from one point, they are generally regular; but when it is high and gusty, and shifts from point to point, the sea is broken up, and the waves take a more conical shape, and assume fantastical crests. While the sea ran high, the Professor observed now and then a ridge of waves extending from about a quarter to a third of a mile in length, forming, as it were, a rampart of water. The ridge was sometimes straight, and sometimes bent as of a crescent form, with the central mass of water higher than the rest, and not unfrequently with two or three semi-elliptical mounds in diminishing series on either side of the highest peak.

"When the wind had subsided, a few of the bolder passengers crawled upon deck in the oddest imaginable costumes. They had not much to encounter, for about a third part of the greater undulations averaged only twenty-four feet, from crest to hollow, in height. These higher waves could be seen and selected from the pigmy waves about them, at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the ship.

"The Professor had been very unpopular on board while the stormy weather lasted, and the ladies had vowed that he was a sarcastic creature, who *would* have his little joke on the gravest calamities of life; but as the waves decreased in bulk, and the wind lulled, and the sun shone, and the men took off their oil-skin coats, and the cabin windows were opened, the frowns of the fair voyagers wore off. Perfect goodwill was general before the ship sighted Liverpool; and even the cook, as he prepared the last dinner for the passengers, was heard to declare (in confidence to one of the stokers) that, after all, there might be something worth knowing in the Professor's observations.

"When the Professor landed at Liverpool, he would, on no account, suffer the carpet-bag containing his calculations, to be taken out of his sight. Several inquisitive persons, however, made the best use of their own eyes, to ascertain the name of the extraordinary observer, and found it to be legibly inscribed with the well known name of Scoresby.

"That his investigations may be the more readily impressed on the reader's mind, we conclude with a summary of them. It would seem from Dr. Scoresby's intrepid investigations that the highest waves of the Atlantic average in

"Altitude	...	...	...	...	...	...	43 feet.
"Mean Distance between each Wave	...	...	...	...	...	...	559 "
"Width from Crest to Crest	...	...	...	...	...	...	600 "
"Interval of Time between each Wave	...	...	...	...	...	...	16 seconds.
"Velocity of each Wave per hour	...	...	...	...	...	...	32½ miles."

THE CORAL FISHERY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

"ONE fine morning, in the early spring, I was standing on the 'Marina' of the Island of Capri, when the market barks were leaving for Naples. The people were descending the heights, laden with wine and oil, and other produce of the country, for the market of that city, and what between the directions given for the sale of these articles, and commission for purchases in the great world, there was a bustle and a shouting which gave an uncommon appearance of activity to this usually quiet spot. How bitterly the poor women wept! I thought their very hearts would break; and, though no tears dimmed the eyes of their sterner companions, there was an assumed indifference, and, at intervals, an awkward attempt at gaiety, which but too clearly indicated that there was grief in their hearts. 'What,' said I to a fisherman, who was standing near me, 'is the meaning of all this sorrow?' 'Eccellenza,' replied he, 'these men are about to leave for the Coral Fishery; and those who accompany them are their wives, or mothers, or 'spouse.' Theirs is a hard lot; for the next six or seven months they will have to work like dogs, and live upon bread and water.

"The principal ports in the Mediterranean which send out vessels for this Fishery are Genoa, Leghorn, and Torre del Greco, about eight miles from Naples; and, as it was not far from this port that my attention was first awakened to the subject, I shall confine myself to the trade as it is carried on there. The hardest service in which the sailor can be engaged, it is either a school for the young or the last resource of the poor and desperate; and, early in the year, numbers of these two classes, from every village on the coast, go over to Torre to engage themselves, and take their Caparra—alas, that Caparra!—(a portion of their pay); it is the price of slavery for the next six or eight months; and, once that it has crossed the palm, as well might a Virginian slave have endeavoured to throw off his servitude as one of these poor coral fishers redeem his liberty. I have known many a poor fellow repent the step, and hide himself as the time of his suffering approaches; but sure is he to be hunted down, and brought back with the same rigour as a deserted recruit. And what is the temptation to bind themselves to such a fate? A paltry sum of from twenty to forty ducats—that is, from three to seven pounds. 'A larger sum than we can earn in any merchant service,' said a Coral fisher to me. And what is the treatment which they receive, and the nature of the service they enter upon? This I shall describe in detail; and then think, ye beauties, with what toil and suffering have been purchased the glowing ornaments which adorn your snowy bosoms. As the time for starting approaches, all who have received the Caparra, and what is worse too, spent it, go down to Torre, and get the remainder of their paltry pay.

"The scene which I witnessed in the Island of Capri, in the month of March, is the pattern of many others occurring at the same time all round the Bay of Naples; and nothing have I ever witnessed more touching or picturesque than the sorrow of these rude children of Nature. 'My son,' said an aged mother, 'may God bless you! may the Madonna accompany you!' and she laid her hand upon his head, whilst the son knelt down, and took her other hand in his, and kissed it, the very extent of the affection which an Italian exhibits for a parent. Close by stood the 'fidanzata,' overwhelmed with grief, yet, from the reserve of custom, not making any open show of it. Several who were wives, too, were there; but they were of good courage, as they were going to accompany their husbands to Torre to bid them a last farewell, and receive—I had almost said the price of their blood—to keep their houses together, whilst they were at sea.

"At the Port of Torre del Greco, a little fleet is assembled, each of from seventeen to twenty tons, and carrying from eight to twelve men. One portion of the fleet is destined for the Barbary Coast, another for that of Sardinia, and some visit other parts of the Mediterranean. Vows have been made to the Madonna, to the Patron Saints, and masses said. Every bark has received the priestly benediction. The church bells are ringing, and continue to do so until the fleet is leaving the shore, whilst this sweet harmony of sounds is increased by a beating of tambours, the sounding of a hundred tofi (conch shells), and other instruments of a similar character. In short, it is made rather a festive scene, too much grief being supposed, perhaps, to

bring a 'cattiv' augurio' (ill-luck) ; yet many a heavy heart is hidden by a shining face. Women, of course, are there ; for in what situation in which human sympathies are greatly excited, are they ever absent ? and the part which they take, was to me perfectly new. As each bark lifted its anchor, and glided off, a group of women gave expression to their grief, mingled with benedictions and 'auguri' for good success : 'May she sail like a bark of the angels !' and throwing sea-water and sand after it, again they cry, 'May she abound as the sea, and the sands of the sea !' The last bark lifts its anchor, and now they are all fairly off, and many an eye all round the coast is on the stretch to catch a last glimpse of the sails that are bearing their social treasures to that Ultima Thule of the poor people—the coast of Barbary.

"On the arrival at their several destinations, the captain lands and leaves his papers with the authorities, not unaccompanied by a present for the Consul ; for before the season breaks up, the captain may want justice for himself, or the liberty of oppressing his crew, and a *douceur* to the great man is remembered with gratitude, and covers a multitude of sins. Each bark, too, pays on the Sardinian Coast, for medicine and medical attendance, seven piastres ; whilst on the African Coast, belonging to the French, a hospital is established where advice is given gratuitously : on both stations eleven piastres are demanded for custom-house dues and examination of papers. There is another payment to be made, later, though I speak of it here, in the form of a tax for the privilege of fishing in these waters : on the Sardinian Coast amounting to sixteen piastres for every boat, on the French African Coast to one hundred and eight piastres, being just one half of what was demanded formerly ; and a very sure and knowing way the authorities have of collecting it. When the season is half over, a vessel is sent out from Torre laden with fresh supplies of food and rope ; the coral barks then push in to meet it, when their stock of coral is seized and detained in the custom house until the tax has been paid ; on the demand being satisfied, the supplying vessel receives all the coral that has been taken, and bears it back to Torre.

"All preliminaries being settled, and the boats being numbered, without which they would be seized and confiscated, away they push, and commit their fortunes to the deep. When well supplied, each boat will have on board about twenty cantari of hemp (a cantaro amounting to nearly two hundred pounds), with which the sailors make the nets on the voyage. The net, which is made with very wide meshes and very loose in the texture, is generally about eighteen passi or yards long, and one wide ; the wide part being let down perpendicularly in the sea in order that the coral rock may be better embraced by the length. Let us then suppose that the boat has arrived at the given spot. The nets are thrown in, and away goes the vessel before the wind, or propelled by the oar until they have laid hold of a rock. Woe be to the man who holds the rope if he gives not immediate notice of the net having 'caught' the reef, so that more rope may be let out, otherwise he is thrown into the sea, or, as I have heard in many cases, his thigh is cut through to the bone, so violent is the check and so great the tension. Then 'comes the tug of war,' the whole crew are called upon for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, until by main force they break off pieces of the coral reef, which derive their value from their weight and colour. Jet black and rose-colour corals are the most esteemed, although a deeper red, white, and a dark, dirty grey abound. The last is rarely sold, being considered nearly valueless. The rose-colour coral will sell at from twenty to one hundred piastres, or three pounds ten shillings to seventeen pounds the rotolo of thirty-three ounces according to the weight.

"What a beautiful sight it is when the coral is drawn up out of the sea !' said a coral fisher to me only that morning. Up comes the long branches like the boughs of a tree, or sometimes in great thick pieces. Last spring we were a hundred barks pulling away at one reef, and up came *our* nets with a rock in the midst ; the upper part was covered with plums, and pears, and grapes ; for your Excellenza knows that the sea has its fruits as well as the land ; and underneath the rock was the coral. It was a beautiful sight to see ; besides, we are all better treated by the captain when we have a good draw ; and we gave a shout of joy.'

"The coral, I am told, is found at a depth varying from about eight to thirty-four fathoms, and the best is near the surface : that of Sardinia, too, is preferred, and the coral on the Barbary Coast. Sometimes a piece will be taken so large as to be beyond all price. One boat, for instance, has this season taken seven branches, of the weight, respectively, of two rotoli, one and a half rotolo, one rotolo, and a half rotolo, and downwards. These seven branches were valued to me at five thousand francs, and another such a pull would make a tolerable voyage.

"What strikes one as remarkable is the rapid growth and formation of these Coral beds. 'Year after year we have fished away on the same spots, and yet on each returning season we find an abundant supply. Sometimes beds that we have left small, have, in one winter, grown up to a large size.' Such is the account the fishers give. Much uncertainty, however, prevails as to the remunerating profits of the voyage; the pieces brought up may be very small, or an inconsiderable quantity may be taken; the nets may be broken or lost; and lastly, the vessel itself may be lost, not an unfrequent occurrence; for every year the sad intelligence arrives of the loss of a coral bark, or more; so constant is the exposure, and so great the danger incurred. Let us suppose that only one hundred vessels a year leave Torre for this trade—and there are near two hundred—and we shall perceive of how much importance this trade is to a small town. No wonder masses are said and benedictions uttered; for where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.

"The crews are engaged to 29th September for the Barbary fishers, and 2nd October for Sardinian fishers; or, in the language of the country, the Fêtes of San Michael, and of the blessed Madonna del Rosario. And never, surely, did the saints appear so amiable as when putting a term to such labour and suffering. On these nights every net is raised, and every hand is still. What matters it to them if the most tempting branches of coral are glowing beneath them? nothing would induce them to give another pull, even if there was a promise of drawing ten thousand francs. They are free again, and nothing can be set in competition with that delicious reality. How sweet their dreams that night! Rest, rest, rest, and liberty for four months to come! Rough and degraded, too, as they are, by continual ill-treatment, they have their affections and attachments, strong and glowing as are those of the daintiest and proudest of the land; and the 'cara sposa' and the 'bambino,' chuckling and crowing, come and visit them in their slumbers on the vigils of those blessed days.

"The sails are set, and away they glide into port. Their passports *visé*, and their papers signed, homewards they turn their happy faces. I have mingled with many a group on the cliffs around the lovely Bay of Naples, as these vessels were flying through the storm, and listened to their exclamations with no slight interest. 'Will Giuseppe be on board that vessel, or has Giovanni yet entered port?' And the call comes at length, and their hearts are leaping with joy, and their eyes are glistening with tears, as they once more go to Torre, not to bid farewell, but to welcome their hope and their support after the dangers and privations of so many months. In many a village church on the following Sunday, there is a brilliant display of finery—those young men grouped together near the altar are some of the coral fishers. I know them by their new crimson sashes and the glowing Phrygian caps. I fancy, too, that I can detect here and there a new gown, and a new pair of earrings, as brilliant as pearls can make them, with a bit of green glass in the centre, as though they would wear emeralds as well as their betters. Well, well, let them indulge their innocent vanity. I like some degree of it in the poor; it is the guarantee of self-respect; besides, who on such an occasion as this would find it in his heart to carp or censure? All now is joy and merriment; and there is feasting and dancing, and the tambour summonses all to the gay and graceful Tarantella; and the bread, and the water, and the rope's end, and the savage roaring of the waves—all, all are forgotten in the pleasures of that delightful hour. It is a blessed thing to gaze on such a scene as this, and think that even amid the labour and sorrow, God has still provided their moments, aye, and hours of enjoyment for the poor! Let man be careful not to curtail their innocent relaxations. I would not have the weight of such a sin upon my conscience.

"How are these poor fellows to live for the next four months? Scarcely has any one of them a grain in his pocket. Receiving their money by anticipation, the usual consequence has followed. Even a small sum of money can never, they think, be exhausted; and with this wise reflection, rotolo after rotolo of macaroni has been devoured, and caraffas of wine without number have been swallowed;—besides, who cares for saving? will not the same sum be coming in January? Thus the Coral fishers are amongst the most reckless and improvident class of sailors, depending always upon credit, which they get at Jew's interest, and with great facility—their means being as sure as those of expectant heirs.

"Coral is, to the animal which forms it, what the shell is to the snail; it is the nest or crust of a certain species of sea-worm. It is multiplied with extraordinary rapidity by the little animals, and grows on rocks, or on any solid sub-marine body, in a shrub-like form; and although it is produced at from ten to a hundred fathoms below the surface, yet the penetration of the rays of the sun are necessary to its increase."

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES.

NEWHAVEN. *See description, page 19.*

PAGE 9.—NORMANDY CAPS.

THE cap of the French peasant is the finishing touch to her toilette, and is in fact its most important feature, showing as it does the distinctions between the different towns or departments.

In Normandy, however, there is the greatest variety of millinery, the position of the wearer being denoted by the richness of her cap. The figure on the left is the style of cap on the confines of Brittany, that in the centre is a Bride's cap, the one on the right hand being worn in the North.

PAGE 11.—PEASANT COSTUME, Brittany.

PETTICOAT of a rough woollen material, generally of a bright colour; the upper skirt being generally turned up and tied round the waist. The body is loose, without sleeves, fastened round the waist by a band.

Small shawl fastened over the shoulders as a fichu; under body of linen made with long full sleeves.

PAGE 13.—MENDING NETS, Brittany.

SHORT skirt of rough woollen material made full, and covered in the front with an apron. Body open at the throat, made without sleeves; high chemisette made with long sleeves. Small cambric cap.

PAGE 17.—BOULOGNE FISH GIRL.

SHORT skirt of woollen material; high cashmere body with a V opening at the throat. Shawl pattern fichu. Cap with a pleated cambric frill. Black stockings. Low shoes.

PAGE 23.—THE FISHERMAN'S FAMILY.

OUR artist has depicted a home-like scene. The general costume consists of a short skirt made full at the waist, full body with long sleeves. Shawl fichu. Small cambric cap.

The shoes worn by the peasants are made of wood, and are called sabots.

PAGE 25.—FRENCH OYSTER WOMAN.

THE costume is in the same style as the preceding picture, that is, a full skirt and short body, but the body is without sleeves, showing the full sleeves of the chemisette underneath.

PAGE 35.—ETRETAT.

THIS is an extremely pretty costume. Short skirt of a bright woollen material edged with a deep binding of a darker shade. Jacket body with a blouse front, trimmed with a deep sailor collar; coat sleeves. Cambric or muslin cap, with a full crown, straight band and curtain.

PAGE 39.—FISHERGIRLS FROM OSTEND, Belgium.

THE dress was short, made of a black woollen material, rather full in the skirt, and the body covered with a small shawl. The caps covered the head entirely, and some of them had a flap covering the ears, and tied round with a bow of ribbon; the other style had a frill round the face, after the style of the Welsh women.

PAGE 41.—HOLLAND, LANDVOOLT.

SHORT dress of serge, print apron. Fichu. Close fitting muslin cap with gold ornaments at the sides.

PAGE 43.—FRIESLAND.

THIS representative was in mourning, having recently lost her father. Short dress of black cashmere, full body and skirt. The head-dress is very peculiar, very much like a small helmet, fitting close to the head with a curtain behind. On each side of the head is a plate of metal, the material depending upon the wealth of the family; in some cases it being made of thin gold, but generally it is plated, so that in the distance it looks like a gold helmet. A bonnet in this instance was worn over the cap.

PAGE 45.—BUNSCHOTEN.

SHORT skirt of woollen material made very full, and stuffed out on the hips by large bustles of down. Loose jacket body tied round the waist. Fichu and apron. Muslin cap turned back from the front.

PAGE 47.—HERDERUGH.

SHORT skirt of wool serge; apron of any fancy material. Jacket body fastened round the waist by a band. Fichu. Muslin cap with a pleated front, and trimmed with two embroidered bands.

PAGE 51.—SWEDEN.

SHORT skirt of dark woollen material; apron of a fancy wool stripe, the colours being very bright and various. Full body of white linen made with full sleeves, over which braces are worn. Large fichu. The head covering is like a jelly bag made in cloth.

PAGE 53.—HOLLAND, AMSTERDAM.

THIS very pretty dress can be made in large bright flowered print. Short skirt made full and trimmed round with embroidery, large muslin edged with deep embroidery. High body with a V opening at the throat, trimmed with a small shawl in bright colours; short sleeves edged with velvet. Velvet waist band. Close fitting muslin or lace cap trimmed with a deep curtain. Side ornaments at the side of the head, made in gilt or gold, which look very much like corkscrews.

PAGE 65.—PORTUGUESE.

SHORT skirt of red woollen cloth, pleated and tied round the waist by a band. Body of a darker material buttoned down the front. Short cape of cloth. A rush mat is generally worn on the head.

PAGE 67.—ITALIAN.

SHORT skirt of woollen material covered in the front with a fancy striped apron. Low body of cloth, or velvet trimmed with braid of a bright colour. Chemisette of white linen drawn full round the bust, but leaving the neck bare; full puffed sleeves to the elbow terminating with close-fitting velvet or cloth sleeves. White linen napkin arranged in folds on the head.

PAGE 69.—RUSSIAN.

SHORT skirt of wool serge trimmed with fancy striped bands, and covered in the front with an apron of white linen. Chemisette with full sleeves, gathered full round the throat. Corsage body made in velvet or cloth, and trimmed with braid in gay colours or strips of cloth; the body is carried high up the back, and finishes off with a little shoulder cape.

The great feature in the Russian national dress is the Tiara, which all wear, from the wife of the Czar to that of the humblest peasant. Its value varies according to the station of the wearer.

PAGE 71.—COLLEEN BAWN. *See description, page 81.*

PAGE 75.—THE SHRIMPER OFF HELIGOLAND.

SHORT woollen skirt of a bright colour, upper tucked up round the waist. High loose body with long sleeves rolled up to the elbow. Shrimper's net.

PAGE 79.—WAITING. *See description, page 81.*

PAGE 83.—DUTCH OYSTER WOMAN.

SHORT full skirt of a dark woollen material; apron of white linen. Plain high body covered with a fichu, generally composed of a small bright coloured shawl. Close fitting cap with ornaments in the front, generally of gold or silver.

PAGE 87.—NORWEGIAN.

SHORT skirt of a bright woollen material, plaited at the sides and back, covered in the front with a large plaited apron. Cloth body open at the throat, embroidered and trimmed with fancy braid. Chemisette high to the throat and trimmed with a collar; long loose sleeves. Muslin cap plaited in the front, and trimmed with a curtain at the back.

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